THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter on the subject of the Women's Suffrage Bill, which was published on Thursday, will strike a heavy blow at a movement that has been permitted to attain rather formidable proportions, chiefly because of the reluctance of politicians to express their opinions regarding it. Like many other movements of the same kind, its very weakness was, in the early stagesof its existence, a source of strength; and many who had no desire to see such a revolution as the deposing of man accomplished, gave the movement a half-hearted support, simply because they looked upon its accomplishment as being absolutely impossible. This danger now seems to be at an end, and we are glad of it. MR. GLADSTONE has not much new to say regarding the question; but what he says is sensible and statesmanlike; whilst the strong whip which has been sent out against the Women's Suffrage Bill, which is to come before the House of Commons next Thursday, betokens a distinct awakening of our politicians of all parties to the dangers of an agitation, the success of which would bring us face to face with a new order of society, not only in its political and social, but even in its domestic, aspect.

THE *Times* shows its usual facility in the discovery of mares' nests. MR. BLANE'S motion, which will raise the whole question of an Irish Parliament, must, according to the *Times*, place MR. GLADSTONE on the horns of a dilemma. MR. BLANE declares that an Irish Parliament ought to have control over land legislation, judicial appointments, and the constabulary. If MR. GLADSTONE rejects these conditions he will relegate Home Rule to obscurity; if he accepts them he will avow himself a Separatist and a partisan of what SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT entitled "Fenian Home Rule." This argument shows that the *Times* wallows in its own assumptions. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S allusion to Fenian Home Rule had nothing whatever to do with any of the conditions cited by MR. BLANE. MR. MORLEY has explicitly stated that in the event of the Imperial Parliament failing to settle the land question, the problem will be committed to the Irish Parliament. It is equally notorious that with regard to the police and the judiciary there has never been any difference of principle between the Liberal leaders and the Irish party. The only question relates to the time which should elapse before the Dublin Parliament acquired the full control specified in MR. BLANE'S motion.

SOME mammoth remains have been discovered under a house in London. The discovery might have been appropriately made on Primrose Day, for the mammoth is not more completely extinct than the principles which Tories profess to commemorate on the nineteenth of April. LORD BEACONSFIELD'S ideas have been abandoned by his party, except, perhaps, the opinion that a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy. In foreign policy, where is the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, which DIZZY thought was the keystone of our Eastern diplomacy? Where is the division between the two Bulgarias for the sake of which the Tory Ministers threatened war? In domestic policy, what is the monument of Conservative legislation from 1874 to 1880? This field is barren even to antiquarian research. LORD SALISBURY has scouted the Orientalism of his predecessors, and has adopted in domestic affairs a policy which DIZZY would have considered "worse than pestilence or famine." And to complete the comedy, good Conservatives go about on the nineteenth of April wearing the flower which their lamented leader liked occasionally as a salad.

SIR WILLIAM WALROND is an original genius. He has been telling his constituents that the Primrose League is independent of party. It was formed to uphold religion and loyalty, and should the Conservative party desert those principles the Primrose dames will work no more for Tory candidates. But SIR WILLIAM WALROND'S idea that religion dwells exclusively in Primrose habitations is surpassed by MR. CHAPLIN'S discovery that MR. GOSCHEN is the Archangel GABRIEL in disguise. If the archangel, said MR. CHAPLIN in Lincolnshire, were to propose the Budget from the Tory benches he would be assailed by the Radicals. This deliberate suggestion that MR. GOSCHEN has been vouchsafed to us from the heavenly host to order our finances and make surpluses by borrowing money and playing tricks with the Sinking Fund might be a good electioneering cry for the party who are the sole guardians of religion.

THE terrible "accident" at Hampstead Heath Station on Easter Monday, by which eight persons—mostly women and children—lost their lives, not only impresses upon us once more the grave danger which is always associated with the congregation of vast masses of people, but seems to indicate a lamentable want of forethought on the part of a powerful corporation—the London and North-Western Railway Company. It is certain that the provision for the travelling public at the Hampstead Heath Station last Monday was most wofully inadequate. So much is proved by the fact that this accident occurred. If, however, the Railway Company can show that the siege of the station platform by thousands of would-be travellers was an altogether unprecedented event, which no one could reasonably have anticipated, it will have cleared itself of the greater part of the responsibility which appears to attach to it in connection with the catastrophe. But if, on the other hand, it can be shown that there has been similar crowding on other Bank Holidays, and that the authorities have been repeatedly warned, both privately and publicly, of the grave risks to which travellers were subjected in consequence of the deficient accommodation at the station, the question of responsibility will assume a very different aspect, and a stern inquiry into the whole of the facts will be necessary.

THE technicalities of elementary education are usually anything but attractive to the general public. The National Union of Elementary Teachers, however, which was in session at Leeds during the early part of this week, has done good service by bringing out some of the blots in our educational system. Compulsion is so far a failure that one-third of the children of school age are not on the registers, and one-fourth of those who are registered are usually absent from school. The causes, of

course, are chiefly to be found in the supineness of country school managers and School Boards, and the slackness, or the scarcely veiled hostility, of many magistrates—which, to readers of the London police-court reports is only too evident. To deal with School Board cases, in fact, special magistrates are urgently needed.

NATURALLY the teachers protest in the interest of education against payment by results and the hard-and-fast classification by standards required by the Department. They are even audacious enough to ask that inspectors shall not be appointed whose sole qualification is their University career, and that the annual examinations shall be replaced by periodical visits of inspection and advice. Nearly a century ago WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT—in the work that was once the classic of individualism—insisted that State-education must regard measurable results more than methods or training. It would be a brilliant triumph if the Education Department could give his words a practical refutation. Still, we cannot think that very wide freedom of organisation can be allowed to head teachers: if only because the population of school age is largely migratory, like its parents, and loses time and way at every change of school.

ONE excellent reform, however, is demanded by the Conference and has in part been adopted by the Department. The salary returned as paid to school teachers must now be the salary paid for teaching only, and must not include payments for other duties. So it will henceforth be more ascertainable whether teachers are selected because they can teach or because they can play the harmonium in church. To secure that they shall not be required, as a condition of their appointment, to undertake such extraneous duties, is, we fear, too great a reform for a Government which avowedly introduced Free Education partly to save the makeshift schools of the voluntary system. However, the elementary teachers are now an organised body with a newspaper of their own, and a paid secretary, whom we hope to see in Parliament a few months hence.

THE Behring Sea Convention was finally ratified on Tuesday. The fuller summary of the terms now published makes no addition to our knowledge; but it is hard to understand the indignation with which the Senate originally received LORD SALISBURY'S proposals, or to conjecture wherein lay the "pungency" of PRESIDENT HARRISON'S reply. The agreement lasts till October 31st, 1893, or longer, but may be terminated at any time after that date by two months' notice on either side. Meanwhile pelagic sealing is to be prevented by Great Britain, and the American catch at the rookeries, as last year, is to be limited to 7,500 seals for the use of the Prybiloff islanders. The party to whom the arbitrators' decision is unfavourable would have to pay compensation based on the possible catch, "without undue diminution to the seal herd," had there been no Convention. It is at least satisfactory that the fur seals have another year for multiplication. But unless pelagic sealing is very considerably restricted they must disappear; and then who will compensate our granddaughters?

THE complete defeat of the Labour party at the Victorian elections is of good omen for the finance of the Colony. In a letter from our correspondent at Melbourne, which we published four weeks ago, he mentioned that, while the Trade Unionists were very confident, the other parties looked on their success as an impossibility, and one authority had predicted that only three Labour candidates would be returned. The number, as it turns out, is six—out of more than thirty who went to the polls. Nor can we be surprised at this result. The Labour party had irritated and frightened the farmers and small capitalists, who in Victoria, as in other new countries, are still the dominant class, and had thoroughly merited their defeat.

SINCE Easter business has been very slack upon the Stock Exchange. Many of the greater operators have not yet returned to the City, and the general public holds altogether aloof. The secession of Matto Grosso naturally caused a fall in Brazilian securities, the Ministerial crisis in Italy added to the already great unwillingness to have anything to do with Continental securities, and the state of the cotton trade weighs upon the home railway market. Still, there is a decidedly better feeling than there was. The improvement in the Argentine market continues, the Continental Bourses appear to be recovering, and the leading operators in New York are as confident as ever that business will grow, and that prices will rise further. Trade has not improved in the United States as much as was everywhere expected because of the abundant crops of last year, and prices are very low. The general public, even in America, therefore, is not speculating actively; but the capitalist classes are buying steadily all the securities sold by Europe. Just before Easter there was a sharp advance in American securities. On Tuesday of this week the London speculators who had bought took advantage of the rise to secure their profits, and they sold very large quantities. Everything offered, however, was bought by New York, and though some decline took place, there was a recovery on Wednesday afternoon, and the leaders of the New York market express themselves as confident as ever that with or without the help of London prices will be put up. Whether this will prove true or not, it is satisfactory to find that our own public have taken to heart the lessons of the Baring crisis, and are not now speculating recklessly in any direction.

THE Directors of the Bank of England have made no change in their rate of discount this week, although money is accumulating. Gold is still coming in from abroad in small amounts, and trade is falling off, while speculation is absent. In the open market the rate of discount is nominally 1⅛ per cent., but really business is done at about 1 per cent., or a little over, and the banks find it difficult to lend their surplus balances on any terms. Apparently the directors of the Bank of England fear that if they were to lower their rate, there would be a further fall in the open market, and that this would increase the foreign demand for gold. Even now some gold is going to Paris, although more is received from other quarters, so that during the week ended Wednesday night about £94,000 were received over and above what was taken away. In silver there has been some recovery in price to 40d. per oz. The impression is growing that the production is being rapidly reduced, and that in a short time the supply will become so small that there may probably be some advance in price. At all events, the best opinion is that a further fall is unlikely. The fluctuations in silver during the past two years have had a disastrous influence upon the trade of all silver-using countries. For example, at the general meeting of the shareholders of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, on Wednesday, the chairman stated that since 1866 it was believed trade had not been so bad in India and China as at present. Of course other influences have combined, such as the Baring crisis and the drought in India, as well as the reaction from the recent reckless speculation in mining and other ventures; but the most potent cause is the rapid fluctuations in silver, turning trade with the silver-using countries into mere speculation.

THE LABOUR BRIAREUS.

"BRIAREUS should arise and lift up his hundred arms together," said Sheil in advocating simultaneous meetings of the Catholic Association. The Labour Briareus has now adopted a similar method, of which civilisation will have to take account. We are not sure, however, that the apprehension of a violent turn to the May-day demonstrations, which the Anarchist movement has naturally quickened, need be too seriously entertained. The May-day celebrations will not be Anarchist, but Socialist: and Socialism and Anarchism, though they are apt to be confounded, both in the popular mind and in the methods of half-educated working men interested in revolutionary politics, are two vitally different things. So far as the movement of Anarchy can be gauged, it is a small affair. Necessarily it cannot attain very wide dimensions, or even the small degree of secrecy it attains, until the contagion of betrayal sets in, would be smaller still. In France, moreover, where the advanced parties are led by men of the intelligence of Brousse, Guesde, Lafargue, and others, the Socialists would scoff at the very notion of being confounded with low criminals of the type of Ravachol, or with teaching of the Bakunin type which lies behind their purely predatory instincts and pursuits. There is, therefore, no widespread fear, either in France or in England, that May-day will pass other than quietly. In Paris all sections of the Collectivist parties have joined for peaceful demonstrations, and such danger as exists arises from the fact that at the last moment M. Loubet has determined to continue the Constans traditions, and to prohibit street processions. In this country it is, of course, possible to mark off the various types of revolutionary or advanced thinking with still greater accuracy. The feckless imbeciles who were tried at Walsall were, as a matter of fact, a feeble offshoot of the old Socialist League, a body once patronised by Mr. Morris, until a small, but noisy, section of Anarchists contrived to influence it. This latter body is possibly large enough to produce two or three more persons of the type of Cailes and Battola, but it has no conceivable relation with any organised body of working men. As in France, it is a mere thin wedge of aimless or fanatical savagery thrust into the general mass of revolutionary opinion, which it never has leavened, and possibly never will. With us, of course, the May-day demonstrations will be limited simply to an object-lesson in favour of a legal eight-hours day, organised by absolutely reputable bodies of Radicals and Socialists, by working men acting through the Trade Councils, who are fast stepping into the political field, by the Metropolitan Radical Federation, and by new unions like those of the gas-workers, the sailors and firemen, and the dock and riverside labourers. In France the aspect of doctrinaire Socialism will be more apparent; but the end—in spite of the evil precedent of Fourmies—will, we hope, be just as quietly and rationally pursued. Even in Germany, where, owing to the split between the old Parliamentary Socialists and the younger blood, Socialism seems to be on the eve of a "sea change," which may for a time destroy its force as a single coherent movement, there is no apparent set towards either the methodical madness of the Anarchists or the mere turbulence of street propaganda of the violent type. For the moment, therefore, North-Western Europe is able to look forward to the third great labour anniversary without sensible quaking, and even with a measure of quiet confidence. Singularly enough, the United States Government is not so tranquil. America is the chosen home of "cranks," and the spread of Anarchist branches, mainly of course of German membership, in Chicago and elsewhere is not without significance.

The prospect of trouble in Europe, so far as it can be measured with the imperfect knowledge which unhappily is alone available, is strongest precisely where the development of free political institutions has been most conspicuously delayed. The exception perhaps is Italy, where Signor Nicotera has repeated his repressive action, though not the singularly harsh and even brutal language which astonished Liberal Europe last May. Italy is, unfortunately, a country where a highly centralised national unity has been achieved without the grant of large local liberties, at the cost of heavy and most oppressive taxation, and in combination with a low economic development. Anarchism there has undoubtedly some little root, though it is completely overshadowed by more rational developments. In any case, all May-day demonstrations have been forbidden, and even indoor meetings are included in this wide and stringent veto. Apart from Italy, the most serious danger of trouble appears to be entertained in Vienna, in Spain, and in Portugal. The Social Democratic movement in Austria is somewhat obscure, and it is difficult to know either its force or direction. There have been recent attempts to reconstitute it, and the authorities have behaved, on the whole, with the good sense which marks the *régime* of the Emperor. In Spain and Portugal the trouble is more imminent, and more sharply defined. But even in these countries, where Anarchic doctrines may have a somewhat wider vogue than elsewhere, the danger is not in bomb-throwing, which the recent fiasco has discredited, so much as in conflicts between a violent police and an excited assembly of demonstrators. On the Continent the public meeting has not attained the position of quiet sovereignty which attaches to it here. It is, in point of fact—and in democratic France quite as much as in autocratic Austria—"suspect," partly from earlier associations, partly because it is not the free, constant, automatic habit of the people—a habit in which the authorities acquiesce as completely as in the Lord Mayor's Show.

However, it is cheering to note the general tendency to limit the demonstrations—as in France and Belgium—to definite political and social reforms, such as universal suffrage and the eight-hours day. The Eight Hours movement will again be the rallying-point of the Festival of Labour. On the Continent, of course, there will be no division of opinion among the artisans as to method—the legal aspect of the movement will absorb every other. In England a great many workmen will join with the holiday-makers who wish for an eight-hours day more than for an Eight Hours Bill, and whose minds have not yet decided for Parliamentary action. But in the main it is just as well to note that the legislative section has, like Aaron's rod, swallowed the rest, and that this plan of reducing the hours of labour will be presented—judging from the character of the organisers — with a very strong backing. The question of method will hardly be touched. The discussion of nice points between "trade option" and "trade exemption," which have lately been troubling the Fabians, will not disturb the holiday-makers, who will come out to celebrate, first, the dignity of the labourer's calling—not in itself a small matter—and, secondly, his desire for leisure. The matter will therefore be "referred back" to Parliament without any very definite instructions. The question is whether the highly interesting annual parade of the labour forces should not have some more definite and practical issue. The Fabian Society possesses,

at all events, the merit of endeavouring to think out its problems, and to give them shapes in which they suggest themselves as "documents" for statesmen. We do not see why Labour Day should not give birth to some permanent committee for the drafting of Labour Bills on lines less shadowy than the measures which have hitherto come before the House of Commons. It was the unavoidable fault of Chartism that it never got sufficiently in touch even with the small and shifting section of really hopeful and open-minded politicians in Parliament. That ought not to be the weakness of the New Unionism, or the new Opportunist Socialism, and it certainly is not their intention. Labour Day ought to be a useful addition to the world's anniversaries, and its dangers to the peace of Europe would obviously be mitigated if its organisers were able to add some element of permanence, some direct political end, to its merely picturesque and melodramatic side.

A FADING FLOWER.

THERE was one satisfactory feature about Primrose Day this year—the sudden and remarkable falling-off in the number of persons who thought it necessary to decorate themselves with the Beaconsfield emblem, which gives us some reason to hope that, after all, the brightest of our spring flowers will not be overtaken by the fate that for some years past has threatened it. When an observance of this kind once loses its vogue, it never regains its old popularity, and we may therefore hope that our fields and woodlands will not be stripped quite bare of the primrose by the hands of those who are anxious to cater for a curious and almost inexplicable popular taste. But the manifest waning of Primrose Day has an interest apart from its bearing on the fate of the flower itself. It would appear that the worship of Mr. Disraeli, which has been maintained with so much zeal for a period of eleven years since his death, is at last coming to a close. The wonder to most of us has been that such a cult should ever have existed. Lord Beaconsfield was a man of conspicuous ability, whose personal career was so remarkable that he might well claim a page in the romance of history; but as a statesman he was a *farceur* of the most absurd description. Openly laughing at his followers, he hardly attempted to conceal the fact that his part in political life was a mere masquerade. To support principles in which he did not believe, to gull the public with catchwords which he secretly turned to scorn, and to play upon the follies and weaknesses of his fellow men with an audacious cynicism, seemed to be the chief characteristics of his public career. When we remember in what light he was regarded by all the more trustworthy members of his own party, when we recall the bitter feuds so long waged between himself and the present Prime Minister, and when we take into account the stirring episodes connected with his one piece of constructive legislation, the Household Suffrage Bill, we find it difficult to account for the blind idolatry in which, for more than half a score of years, his memory has been held. But the game—to employ a favourite phrase of his own—has now been played out. Only eleven years separate us from the living Lord Beaconsfield, but it seems as though we were divided by a whole age from his methods in political life. The Tory party of to-day would find it as impossible to follow him, if he were again to appear among us and to carry on the Government on his old lines, as to submit to the methods of the Duke of Wellington himself. Some Liberals are very hard upon Lord Salisbury, and not without reason; but, compared with his predecessor, Lord Salisbury is a statesman whom everybody could unite in honouring. We have had much to say of late of the shortcomings of Mr. Balfour; but, after all, Mr. Balfour's natural cynicism is something very different from the dishonesty, naked and not ashamed, of Mr. Disraeli. Henceforward we trust that the Tories of the United Kingdom will find a more worthy object for their worship and admiration than the adventurer who raised himself from a seat in a lawyer's office to the highest position in the British Empire. When next Primrose Day comes round, the Primrose Dames and their friends will probably be engaged in offering some much-needed consolation to the present leader of the Tory party. If they must have an idol, we would respectfully recommend Lord Salisbury for the position, though we trust that their worship of their favourite statesman will not find expression in the adoption of a floral emblem. Our flowers belong to no party, and it is a little hard upon all of us that the existence of one of the fairest of them should have been so seriously imperilled by a mere political craze.

In the meantime it is difficult to forget that Eastertide twelve years ago, when the hero of the Primrose League was for the last time laying down the sceptre of authority, His defeat in 1880 came as a crushing surprise to society and the London press. For years the doctrine had been preached that Lord Beaconsfield was the one possible statesman in the United Kingdom, and that Mr. Gladstone was a discarded fanatic, whose reputation had been for ever destroyed. Nobody can have forgotten the tone in which the clubs and the *Times*, and indeed all the leading organs of fashionable opinion, referred to the possibility of Mr. Gladstone's return to power. They would not hear of it; they dismissed it as too ridiculous almost for discussion. Yet when the Election came it appeared that Mr. Gladstone was the one man in whom the majority of the electors believed, and the only person who was possible as Prime Minister. A few days of sharp battle at the polling-booths, and the despised and hated member for Midlothian, against whom cabals were being woven even in his own camp, was standing once more at the head of affairs with an enthusiastic nation behind his back. It might have been thought that the lesson which was then taught would not easily have been forgotten. But down to a very recent period those who were the defeated opponents of Mr. Gladstone in 1880 hugged the delusion that the fate which they then falsely predicted for him had at last overtaken him. They now know their error, and there is hardly one of them who does not make the open admission that the forthcoming General Election will result in his reinstatement in office. It is marvellous, indeed, to contrast the career of the Liberal statesman with that of his great Conservative rival. Who would have believed in 1880, when Lord Beaconsfield was retiring from office to linger for a few months as a valetudinarian before passing for ever from the scene, that twelve years afterwards Mr. Gladstone would still hold the field, and would be preparing to lead his party once more to an assured victory? What is the secret of the perennial youth which enables our veteran leader to defy Time itself, and which has brought him within sight of a fourth Premiership? And what would Lord Beaconsfield have thought if in his last moments he could have foreseen the future, and could have learned that a rival whom he had once overthrown, and whose age was but little short of his own, would retain his commanding position in the political world for so many years after his own death? A dozen years ago everybody believed that when

Mr. Gladstone's career came to an end it would be his rivalry with Lord Beaconsfield which would form the chief feature of his life. But since then the Liberal leader has met with other rivals, has fought them and has beaten them, just as in his prime he fought and overcame Lord Beaconsfield; and now it would seem that, whilst he is still the leading figure on the political stage, the very memory of his old rival is fading away, and the absurd adulation which found vent in the establishment of Primrose Day is becoming a thing of the past. Let us hope for Lord Beaconsfield's own sake that his belated biography will not be held back from us much longer. If it should be, his great personal achievements will fall into oblivion, and instead of being regarded, as he ought to be, as one of the most conspicuous figures of this century, he will become one of the many lesser luminaries whom the historian and biographer will group around the central light of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful career.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter on the question of women's suffrage gives the common-sense view of a difficult problem. Looked at "in the abstract" by those who hold the widest humanitarian opinions, there is always a certain plausibility about the demand for absolute political equality between the two sexes. So much has been done in recent years to destroy the irritating fetters which custom had placed upon women of every degree, and that which has been done has commanded such general approval, that it might seem only natural to expect that further steps towards the emancipation of the female sex must of necessity be productive of further good. But, after all, no laws will make men and women the same; and if an Act of Parliament were to be passed once a day to decree that there should be no difference between the position, the functions, and the spheres of influence of the two sexes, the decree would still remain a dead letter. Men who really reverence women have no desire to see them asserting their "right" to take up certain kinds of work. They do not believe that they ought to serve in the army; they pass Acts of Parliament to prevent them from being employed in sundry dangerous and to some extent degrading occupations; and they shrink from the thought of a time when the rough game of politics, as it is played in the Parliaments of the world, shall have dragged women into its unsavoury vortex.

But, apart from what seems to us to be the fundamental objections to a piece of legislation which would revolutionise our Constitution, there are certain practical considerations to which Mr. Gladstone in his letter directs our attention. The first is the notorious fact that women themselves do not desire that the change advocated by the supporters of female suffrage should be made. Certain women, no doubt, do demand that change, and demand it in a very imperative manner. But, so far as the overwhelming majority of the women of these islands are concerned, the feeling on the subject is one, not of mere indifference, but of positive hostility, to a proposal which would revolutionise their position without bettering it. Now it is evident that nothing could be more unconstitutional or unprecedented than the revolutionising of our representative system, in order to bring within it an immense body of voters who have no desire to be enfranchised. The practical statesman is entitled to say with Mr. Gladstone to the female advocates of womanhood suffrage, "Convert your own sex before you attempt to convert us." This is clearly the wise and statesmanlike mode of dealing with the question at its present stage. But even if those who favour the enfranchisement of women could produce a majority of women to support their demand, the necessity for the change would not be demonstrated. The "man in possession"—a selfish creature, no doubt, but not without some redeeming qualities—would be entitled to insist upon the fullest consideration and discussion of the question before he consented to a change which would alter all the conditions of political life in these islands, and which, conceivably, might bring about a revolution in our social life also.

We earnestly trust that the good people who have got this fad upon their brains will before long think better of it. The superficial plausibility which the demand for womanhood suffrage undoubtedly possesses, disappears on closer examination of the true conditions of the problem. There is no analogy between the breaking-down of the barriers which custom had erected between women and learning, for example, and the infliction upon the whole female sex of duties which are not merely repugnant to them, but which, from the earliest ages down to the present moment, have been regarded as the special and peculiar work of men. As to the charge which is brought against us of undervaluing woman's work in the world and her influence on life, it can hardly hold water when we remember that the overwhelming majority of the best women among us are on the side of the men in this question. It is, indeed, quite as much for the sake of our women, and of the work in life which Nature has assigned them, as for the sake of the national interests as a whole, that we rejoice to think that the era of womanhood suffrage is never likely to arrive. That there has been a disposition to coquet with the question among members of both political parties has been evident for some years past. Indeed, it seemed not unlikely at one time that the revolution might actually be accomplished, not because anyone really desired it—beyond the handful of men and women who have made the subject their own—but because of the very refusal of politicians to consider it seriously. That danger is now happily at end, and we trust that henceforth no Member of Parliament will give a vote or an opinion in favour of female suffrage who is not able to justify himself by arguments founded, not on humanitarian theories, but on a careful study both of existing facts and of the certain consequences of such a change in the Constitution.

BULGARIA AND RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

WE are not at all sure that M. Stambouloff would be a model Premier in a country that has long possessed constitutional Government; but, whatever his faults and failings, he has hitherto acquitted himself wonderfully well in his performance of the very difficult task entrusted to him by the confidence of his fellow-countrymen. For six years he has been able to baffle every move—secret or above-board—by which Russian diplomacy has endeavoured to overthrow or to undermine Bulgarian independence; and he has proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that as a statesman he possesses both boldness and adroitness. For this very reason there is all the more room for surprise that the Czar's Ambassador at Constantinople—who has presumably acted with the cognisance and assent of his official superiors — should have gratuitously given to M. Stambouloff such

splendid opportunities of strengthening his position as have been furnished by M. de Nelidoff's behaviour in demanding and obtaining the release of the suspect Shishmanoff, and, more recently, in the attempt of the dragoman of the Russian Embassy to kidnap a young Bulgarian who was passing through Constantinople on his way from Odessa to Sofia. Shishmanoff was well known to be a native of Adrianople, and therefore a subject of the Sultan. Kushaleff, the Bulgarian, was certainly not a subject of the Czar. In the cases of both it is manifest, and nobody has pretended to dispute, that the Russian Ambassador has shown a flagrant disregard of the rights of the Sovereign to whom he is accredited, and of diplomatic usage. He has at the same time contrived to intensify the anti-Russian sentiment which prevails in Bulgaria, and thus to increase the popular support of M. Stambouloff, without doing any real injury whatever to that Minister or to the Prince his master.

The question which obviously suggests itself on a survey of the facts is, What is M. de Nelidoff's motive? There are a number of persons in this country, as in other parts of Europe, who contrive to cherish a belief in the profundity and subtlety of Muscovite diplomacy. How they manage to do this, in the face of all the blunders, follies, and failures which have been achieved by the Czar's agents in South-Eastern Europe during the past fifteen years, is best known to themselves. But to people of this habit of mind it is useless to offer the simple and obvious solution of the difficulty—namely, that M. de Nelidoff was afraid that investigation in the case of Shishmanoff might lead to compromising revelations about the complicity of Russian officials in the plots of Bulgarian refugees, and (though this is a more doubtful explanation of the facts) that Kushaleff might be able to give his Government useful information about the intrigues that are being hatched at Odessa; and that he therefore thought it worth while to risk the adoption of high-handed methods in order to prevent these consequences. The believers in Russian diplomatic cunning and dexterity will doubtless prefer to think that M. de Nelidoff is wishful to bring about a crisis in the relations between the Porte and the Bulgarian Government, and has pursued the course which he deemed the most likely to effect such a result. They will point to the very outspoken Note which M. Stambouloff addressed to the Ottoman Government a few days ago as a justification of their view and a proof of the success of M. de Nelidoff's tactics.

It must be allowed that there is some excuse for this theory in the difficulty of believing that any experienced diplomatist could commit such acts as those of which M. de Nelidoff has been guilty with any other object than that of creating trouble between Bulgaria and her suzerain. His intervention to obtain the release of Shishmanoff—who has now taken refuge in St. Petersburg—has at once been accepted, all over Europe, as equivalent to a confession that he or some other official of the Embassy was implicated in the assassination of Dr. Vulkovitch; and he must have known beforehand that this interpretation would inevitably be placed on the affair. No confession that Shishmanoff could have made would have compromised the ambassador more effectually than his shameless misuse of the credit and authority of his master to prevent the investigation of the offence with which the man was charged. Nevertheless, we do not believe that M. de Nelidoff has been inspired in his conduct by any Machiavelian purpose of forcing on a rupture between Turkey and Bulgaria. The clumsy and brutal tactics he has employed to get rid of compromising evidence against himself or other agents of the Czar are very much on a par—they are certainly not a whit more palpable or more stupid—with the methods habitually resorted to by all the Russian officials, from Baron Kaulbars and General Sobeloff downward, who have ever endeavoured to establish or revive Russian influence in Bulgaria. And unless he and his Government have alike lost their reason, they would not choose a time like the present for pressing the Bulgarian question forward to the stage of acute crisis. Such a stage it will have reached on the day when the Sultan either formally recognises Prince Ferdinand, or definitely refuses to accord that or any other satisfaction for the wrongs complained of in M. Stambouloff's note. The Bulgarians have hitherto kept on very good terms with the Porte, and they are not only willing, but anxious that this friendship, from which they have reaped some considerable advantages should continue. But they are also very strongly convinced that there must be some reciprocity on the part of the Ottoman Government; and when their agent in Constantinople is murdered, and the Russian Ambassador is permitted to extend effective protection to a person accused of complicity in the crime, they have a perfect right to demand redress. Such redress, in its most obvious form, the Sultan is powerless to give. He cannot put Shishmanoff back in his prison, or do anything effectual to curb the insolence of the Russian Embassy. But M. de Nelidoff's proceedings have given M. Stambouloff a pretext of which he has not neglected to avail himself, to renew his demand for the recognition of Prince Ferdinand; and if this demand be ignored, there will not be much reason for wonderment if he flatly refuses to acknowledge any longer the Sultan's suzerainty—in other words, declares the independence of Bulgaria. In either alternative Russia would be compelled either to impose a veto and prepare to back it up by force, or resign her long-cherished dream of ascendancy in the Balkan region. The second of these courses would be intensely repugnant to the politicians now in the ascendant at St. Petersburg: the first is one which even the boldest of Panslavists, in view of the present internal conditions of Russia, would scarcely venture to advocate. That is why it seems very improbable that M. de Nelidoff, in his recent proceedings, has been actuated by any desire to bring the Bulgarian question to a crisis just at present. But he may have accomplished the feat without intending to do it. It is very possible that the preservation of European peace in the immediate future will depend on the Sultan's reception of M. Stambouloff's Note, and on the subsequent measures which the Bulgarian Premier may think it advisable to adopt.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.

NO competent observer can have been surprised at the failure of the first attempt of the Marquis di Rudini to restore order in the finances of Italy. The members of his Cabinet were too divided in opinion ever to be able to carry out a consistent policy. It remains to be seen, however, whether the reorganisation of his Ministry, which he has, so far, failed to effect, but which must be attempted again, will enable him to solve the grave problems with which he is face to face. The governing classes desire that Italy should enjoy not merely the titular rank of a great Power, but that she should be able to play a leading part on the world's stage. They are eager, therefore, to create an army capable of holding its own against France,

and to maintain a navy second only to our own, and at the same time they are in too great a hurry to develop the material resources of the country. In carrying out this policy they have quarrelled with France, have broken off the commercial treaty with her, and have unwisely heaped on Protectionist duties. We need not stop to inquire whether Italy was more in fault than France; it is enough to say here that the course pursued has inflicted great injury upon the trade and well-being of the country. The municipalities and the provinces have been as reckless and extravagant as the kingdom, and the people plunged some years ago into a wild speculation, especially in houses and lands. They borrowed immense sums from the banks, and when the speculation broke down too many of the latter were left in an insolvent state. To restore the country to prosperity, therefore, it is necessary, firstly, to bring about an equilibrium between the national income and the national expenditure; secondly, to put the finances of the provinces and municipalities in order and to establish in them an honester and purer administration; and, thirdly, to reform and reorganise the banking system. But of course the most urgent measure is the restoration of order in the national finances.

At the present time the debt of Italy, funded and unfunded, amounts to about twelve milliards of *lire*, the *lira* being equivalent to the French franc; or, say, 480 millions sterling. Against this debt there is no doubt a large network of railways. But the railways do not pay; some of them do not even pay their working expenses, and none of them pay the working expenses and the interest on the capital spent in constructing them. The other public works belonging to the nation are even still more unprofitable. While France and Italy were friendly, the latter country found no difficulty in borrowing in Paris, but since the estrangement of France the French Money Market has been closed against the Italian Government, and it has been growing more and more difficult for it to borrow, the difficulty having been immensely increased by the Baring crisis and its consequences. While, therefore, the expenditure is steadily growing, the revenue does not increase in the same proportion, and every year there is a large deficit. In the current year, for example, which will end with June next, it is estimated that the deficit will be about four millions sterling. As a result, there is a floating debt of about eighteen millions sterling—an enormous amount for such a country. Yet in the present state of the Money Markets of the world, it is very difficult to fund this floating debt except on terms from which the Government shrinks. Still, it could be done if the Government made up its mind to the necessary retrenchments, and were supported by the Parliament. Signor Rudini, shortly after entering office, made retrenchments somewhat exceeding £2,000,000. He pledged himself to effect other economies, and not to impose fresh taxation; but he soon found it impossible to reduce expenditure as he had expected, and the country was not prepared for increased taxation. The Civil Service is greatly overmanned; but Signor Crispi was overthrown because he attempted to reduce it, and Signor Rudini has not ventured to repeat the experiment. He decided to spread over a longer period the construction of railways, but by doing so he threw large numbers of working people out of employment, and thus created a popular feeling against himself. The Ministers of War and Marine declared that no retrenchments could be effected in the Army and Navy Budgets; on the contrary, they insisted that even larger votes were required, and it is generally believed that they were supported by the King; while, of course, it is to be borne in mind that Italy has entered into engagements with Germany and Austria-Hungary which must be observed as long as the Triple Alliance lasts. As something, however, must be done, the Ministers of War and Marine resigned. But successors have seemingly not yet been found who are willing to agree to reductions. That sufficient retrenchment may be effected must be the hope of every well-wisher of the country; but we are not very sanguine. Adequate retrenchment would involve withdrawing from Massowah, and a very material reduction in the strength both of the army and of the navy, and it is very doubtful whether public feeling in Italy is prepared for such strong measures. If, however, the Cabinet is supported by the King and by public opinion, and is firm enough to effect a material economy, while at the same time increasing the revenue, the deficits will by-and-by disappear, the credit of the country will improve, and after a little while it will be possible to fund the floating debt on favourable terms, and cease, for a while at all events, fresh borrowings.

But even if the naval and military expenditure is materially reduced, there will remain the public works question. It has often been suggested that the Italian Government should sell the railways for what they would fetch, and apply the proceeds to the redemption of debt; but, not unnaturally, public opinion is averse to this. The advocates of the present policy argue that, though the railways do not pay at present, they will become more remunerative by-and-by, and that in any case they develop the resources of the country by facilitating trade and opening up new markets. Further, railway construction is a powerful instrument for acquiring influence in the constituencies. Unfortunately the railways have been built rather to gratify the constituencies than to promote the real well-being of the kingdom. They have thus involved both waste and corruption, and for that very reason many who would prefer to have the railways worked by the State are in favour of selling them. If matters go on as they have been going for the last ten years, if the deficits continue and the credit of Italy falls, sooner or later the railways will have to be sold; but for the present it is hardly probable that the Rudini Cabinet will propose so strong a measure. If it does not, then the deficit on account of the railways, amounting roughly to about three millions sterling a year, will continue, and, whatever retrenchments may be effected elsewhere, the deficiency can be covered only by increased taxation. Further, the policy of African colonisation, however it may be modified, must entail heavy loss, and it is difficult to see how that loss, together with the railway deficiency, can be covered by increased taxation unless the Italian Government recognises the error of the policy it has lately pursued towards France and negotiates a new commercial treaty with that country, and unless, further, it proceeds to deal vigorously and effectually with the municipalities, the provinces, and the banks. The provinces, municipalities, and banks, however, are powerful opponents, and Signor Rudini has not yet shown the energy and statesmanship that would justify us in assuming that he is capable of dealing properly with them.

THE BRITISH CROWD.

FOR a people who pride themselves on their practical shrewdness, the English are in some ways more conspicuously lacking in common sense than any other nation. There is one thing, for example, which we shall probably never master, and that is the management of great crowds. In the case of a

procession which usually manages itself, the police can line the streets with exemplary patience or play the part of the animated signpost with much energy. But to prevent a mob from crushing women and children to death on a staircase at a railway station, or at the entrance to a theatre, is a task which does not even present itself to the official mind. What happened at Hampstead Heath Station on Easter Monday illustrates the sublime indifference of the police to the most obvious contingency. On every public holiday there is a tremendous crush at the railway stations. Anyone who is robust enough to visit the Crystal Palace on a Bank Holiday knows the risks he has to face on the journey home. The railway officials do their best, no doubt, and nobody can expect a railway company to enlarge its staff on a special occasion for the purpose of preserving order and guarding against accident. The station-master at Hampstead Heath on Monday was looking after his passengers on the down platform when the tragedy was being enacted on the opposite side, and his porters were engaged in opening and shutting carriage-doors while children were losing their lives on the fatal stairs. When a passenger has taken his ticket he must fight for his train. It is no part of the business of officials on our perfectly managed railways to see that he is not jammed to death before he can reach the platform. At Hampstead there is a gate at the top of the staircase, but the station-master was apparently too busy to think of directing that this gate should be shut before the crowd on the stairs became dangerously large. When it was all over and eight people—chiefly helpless children—were dead, the police arrived in sufficient force to take possession of the gate and keep back the throng. The first question which anybody of average intelligence will ask is—Why were the police not on the spot in time to prevent the disaster? What local genius is responsible for arrangements which doubtless planted policemen at every point in the vicinity except the one place where they could be of practical use? To the unofficial intellect a railway station close to Hampstead Heath would seem to demand special vigilance from the police on the evening of a public holiday; but this idea is evidently far too revolutionary for the authorities. It has been said by abandoned cynics that only a fatal accident to a director can impress some much-needed reform on a railway corporation. We are not so sanguine as to hope that the catastrophe at Hampstead will make our rulers understand that the regulation of great masses of people is of more importance than some of the matters which occupy a good deal of official routine.

The present system, or absence of system, is largely due to our exaggerated ideas of personal liberty. It must strike the foreigner sometimes that the right of free crushing is as sacred in this country as Magna Charta. It is our traditional usage that in a crowd every man shall do the best for himself and the worst for his neighbour. The ordinary sports and pastimes are denied to the majority of us. After a certain age we do not play football, the increasing popularity of which is undoubtedly due to its growing violence. Only a few of us can indulge in the exercises which are the joys of game-preserving. But in the crowd there is plenty of entertainment for every man who is sufficiently able-bodied. If he is lucky he will find right in front of him some undersized weakly being whose ribs he can harass with the greatest relish. From the sporting point of view this is as good as shooting tame pheasants in a *battue*. The prey is just as tame and equally helpless. Before he reaches the railway booking-office, or the check-taker in the pit of a theatre, he will have had almost as much fun as the sportsman who spends a morning in killing birds who cannot escape. He even goes home as happy as the man who has made a good bag. No one who has watched the amiable habits of many Britons in crowds can deny the native brutality, fostered by the absurd notion that a herd may commit acts of savagery which would land an individual in the dock. Freedom of public meeting is made a licence for turbulence whenever a number of people are struggling to get into a station or a theatre, and the hostility to all attempts to mitigate the evil of overcrowding is characteristic of the popular temper. The suggestion of a well-meaning manager that the pittites at his theatre should book their seats was bitterly resented by the playgoers who enjoyed the sport of fighting their way in. Here and there the practice of making a *queue* has been tried with some success with small crowds; but no eager, excited throng of any considerable proportions would submit to be governed by such a regulation unless it were enforced by a strong hand. Abroad the average Englishman complains bitterly of the police who would promptly lock him up if he attempted to fight for a seat in a Paris omnibus. In Regent Circus, in a sudden downpour of rain, the spectacle of men and women mauling one another on the steps of a public vehicle excites no surprise. There is an ingrained barbarism which breaks through the surface of our civilisation in these undignified struggles for seats and tickets. The Englishman is probably the proudest of highly organised animals, and yet he can conduct himself in a crowd with the irresponsibility of a buffalo. Every man in the throng at the Hampstead Station ought to have known perfectly well that the women and children were in the greatest peril; yet the habit of reckless crushing caused fresh contingents to swarm to the head of the stairs without the slightest thought of what was happening to those below. Even had the police intervened in time, there would probably have been a riotous attempt to storm the gate. Such is the temperament bred in the ordinary Briton by the tacit assumption that it is the inalienable right of every citizen to get to his destination on a general holiday by fair means or foul. It is high time that a different lesson was taught to the community. If self-control is impossible to the British crowd, the British crowd ought to be forced to learn the elements of prudence and of consideration for others. There were four boys, all under thirteen, in that death-trap on Easter Monday. They were companions who had spent the day on the Heath, and they went down the station staircase without a thought that this was the last holiday they would ever see. In the maddening struggle for air there was no one to give a helping hand to these poor little fellows, whose lives were sacrificed and whose homes were made desolate because Englishmen have carefully cultivated the tradition that it is essential to their personal liberty, whenever they are gathered together in tumultuous masses, to forget that they are men and behave like brutes.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

DURING the Easter holidays the lack of regular political news is, naturally enough, supplied by a fresh set of rumours of impending disturbances of the peace of Europe. Still, within the last ten days enough has happened to justify a certain degree of alarm. In Egypt, no sooner was the difficulty as to the firman of investiture satisfactorily settled than Mukhtar Pasha, the Ottoman envoy, requested the young Khedive to alter his Ministry; whereupon

the latter telegraphed a spirited protest to Constantinople, and the Sultan, to manifest his dissatisfaction with his vassal, paid marked attention to the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha. So, at least, it is reported. The revival of the announcement that the Czar will visit Berlin on his way back from Denmark this autumn has its counterpoise in the fresh reports as to the warlike preparations in Poland and as to the probable reconstruction of the Russian Ministry. The ministerial crisis in Italy is doubtless only one of a series: and its successors may seriously affect the position of Italy in the Triple Alliance. But the most serious menace to the peace of Europe this week arises out of the bold Note presented by the Bulgarian Government to the Porte, with which we deal elsewhere. Meanwhile the friction between Bulgaria and her nominal suzerain has been intensified by what under other circumstances would be merely a trumpery family quarrel. A youth of twenty-three, named Kusheleff, whose father is a Bulgarian refugee at Odessa, quarrelled with the authorities of a technical school there at which he was a pupil, and took refuge at Constantinople. His father sent to fetch him, and, after an ineffectual attempt to induce him to return by peaceful means, the cavass of the Russian Embassy and the Turkish police arrested him as he was starting for Sofia. Doubtless they had no sort of right to do so. But the *patria potestas*—at any rate for sentiment and public opinion—lasts longer in Eastern Europe than with us; and as Bulgaria is not represented in Russia, and her representatives, if they existed, would not listen to a Bulgarian refugee, it is hardly surprising that M. Kusheleff, senior, acted through the Russian Embassy at Constantinople. Still it may be true that M. Kusheleff, junior, knew some awkward secrets as to the intrigues of the refugees, and was going to Sofia to reveal them to the Bulgarian Government. But this at present is only inference. That a mere family quarrel should be made so much of by European opinion only shows how great the tension is—as does the new Schnaebelé incident reported from Saint Die. Two schoolboys scribble remarks derogatory to Prussia on a post on the frontier between Lorraine and France, and, having got on the wrong side of the line, are arrested on the spot and taken to prison. The opportunities offered by a frontier for the game of Tom Tiddler's ground have never been adequately developed by ingenuous youth. One has been released; but diplomatic representations will doubtless be made as to the other.

Apart from these alarms—real and imaginary—there are at present two leading topics: May Day, and the Anarchists. With the former we deal elsewhere; and need only here note that there is some justifiable apprehension of disturbance in Spain, that processions are to be prohibited in France, in many places in Belgium, including Liége, and in Italy. In Germany and Austria no disturbance is expected, though there may be some in certain agricultural districts in Hungary. The Anarchists are not very alarming. A few more bombs and dynamite cartridges have been found in Belgium and in Spain; there have been some explosions in the latter country; and in Paris it is difficult to find either jurors or judges for the trial of Ravachol, who is now posing as a martyr. In Spain, Muñoz, the supposed instigator of the recent plot to blow up the Chamber of Deputies, has declared that it has been in contemplation to assassinate the little King. But as Muñoz is regarded as little better than an *agent provocateur*, his revelations are not taken very seriously.

In one respect, however, the First of May will be a day of extreme importance to France. It is the day of the communal and municipal elections everywhere except in Paris. For the first time the Socialists—the Guesdist party—are doing their best to capture the municipal councils in many of the large towns. Citizen Jules Guesde is very confident. He expects to carry Calais, Roubaix, St. Etienne, and some other large towns at once, and, at any rate at the second ballot, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Troyes, Nantes, St. Nazaire, Amiens, St. Quentin, and other places. Now the moral effect of even a few Socialist victories would be immense. The thirty Socialists in the Chamber have secured double that number of adherents from among their Radical colleagues. And if Socialism ever comes, it will come through the municipalities much more probably than through the central Government. In most cases the Conservatives hold the balance. Will they do as they did at Lille, and support the Socialist against the Republican, or will they be terrified at the thought of delivering into Socialist hands the control of the finances of towns like Lyons and Marseilles?

At any rate, the Conservatives will probably vote, and not for the regular Republican candidates. Last week, indeed, the Bishop of Langres issued a letter recommending his clergy to abstain from reference to politics. Since then, however, the Archbishop of Avignon and the bishops of his province (Montpellier, Nîmes, Valence, and Viviers) have issued a pastoral letter, for which they are to be prosecuted, stating that the recent Encyclical, in recommending acceptance of the Republic, merely meant to forbid actual rebellion. Catholics should respect the powers that be so long as the common good requires: but they are quite entitled, nay bound, to protest against certain legislation "hostile to religion and even to God," in particular the laws establishing secular schools and divorce. They are also bound to aid the cause of religion at the approaching municipal elections. Abstention, indeed, if it results in the return of an anti-religious candidate, may be a mortal sin. The anti-Republican papers treat this manifesto as a call to arms. To outsiders it seems almost openly schismatic. The Minister of Justice, on his part, has addressed a circular to the Procureurs-Généraux requesting them to take measures for the preservation of order in churches, but drawing a sharp distinction between services and political lectures, and strongly condemning the latter. The circular is fair enough in itself, but will exasperate Catholic feeling all the more in that it is issued at Easter.

The King of Dahomey has addressed a violent letter to the French Government, threatening to occupy Porto Novo and destroy it if the French troops advance. He is said to hold some Catholic missionaries and nuns as hostages.

As our Copenhagen correspondent predicted last week, the general elections in Denmark have resulted in a considerable gain to the Moderate Liberals at the expense of the Radical party, who have lost eleven seats and several of their leaders. The members now are: Right (Ministerial), 30; Moderate Liberals, 43; Radicals, 28. Our correspondent writes: In close upon forty divisions the Moderate Left had entered the lists against the Radical Left, and more Socialist candidates had been nominated than on any previous occasion. Of the 102 members of the last Folkething, the Opposition numbered 77—*i.e.*, the Moderate Left, 38; the Radical Left (comprising the "Berg" group), 16; and the Höruge group, 13; 3 were Socialists pure and simple, and 7 were more or less independent. The Right numbered 25 members, amongst whom were the Ministers of War and Marine.

It is stated that the German Emperor has been endeavouring, through Count Waldersee, to appease the ultra-Conservatives, but without success. A "Christian Centre" party is now talked of, which will unite Catholics and Protestants against "anti-Christians like the Liberals and the Independent Conservatives." How sore the Catholics are may be seen from a remarkable speech delivered by their leader, Count Ballestrem, in Breslau. The School Bill (he said) aroused opposition. Yes—among professors who preach Materialism and Atheism from their chairs, Protestants who deny the divinity of their Lord, Old Catholic heretics, and renegade Jews. He went on to demand full freedom for the Church—including the restoration of the Jesuits—and

concluded with a peroration which we could hardly quote fully without offence, to the effect that though the Chief of Staff—Herr Windthorst—had been called away, the Almighty would lead on the Centre to victory.

At last the financial experts of Italy have rebelled against the fresh burdens demanded by the needs of the Triple Alliance. But the attempt to rearrange the Ministry has failed. It remains uncertain, therefore, which side has triumphed; and it is hardly possible that the pledge to impose no new taxes can be kept. We deal with the subject more fully elsewhere.

The treaty of commerce between Italy and Switzerland was signed on Tuesday afternoon at Zürich.

The Portuguese Trans-African Railway—the only railway in West Africa—has just been opened for 220 kilometres from St. Paul de Loanda to Cuzengo, and will shortly reach a point on a tributary of the Kwango, an affluent of the Congo.

The formal secession of Matto Grosso from the Republic of Brazil is not likely to meet with opposition. Indeed, the example will probably be followed by several other States. It may, however, lead to complications in the near future with Argentina: indeed, as the interesting letter of the *Times* Lisbon correspondent suggests, the province may be to Argentina what Texas was to the United States just before the Mexican War.

The Venezuelan "insurgents" have defeated the Presidential troops with heavy loss, and, moreover, have occupied the disputed territory on the borders of British Guiana. A gunboat has therefore been sent to protect British interests. There is little doubt of the ultimate success of the revolution.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LOUIS KOSSUTH.

ON the 27th inst. Louis Kossuth will complete his ninetieth year, and this event in the life of the most venerable of living patriots is to be celebrated in many interesting ways. Deputations of Hungarian Nationalists, some members of whom bore arms in the brief but eventful struggle which ended at Világos, are to visit the nonagenarian hero at his home of voluntary exile in Italy and present him with addresses and other tokens of admiration and esteem. Nor will marks of reverent appreciation be confined to admirers of his own race. From every country in Europe congratulations will be sent to the one man who in a century of opportunism and compromise has remained, alike in political fortune and in exile, a stern embodiment of inflexible patriotic principle.

My object is not to write a sketch of Kossuth's career or a defence of his political actions. His own story as related in "Memories of my Exile" would make any such attempt an absurdity on my part. I only propose to recall an interesting conversation which I was privileged to hold with him in Turin in February, 1885, in which interview he was pleased to discuss with me several questions of considerable public interest, including that of Ireland.

The day after my arrival in Turin, I made my way to the offices of the Alta Italia Railway, on the beautiful boulevard Vittorio Emanuele. I soon found myself in the presence of the chief engineer of that railway, who is the eldest son of Louis Kossuth. I was courteously received and welcomed to Turin. I disclosed the purpose of my visit, and was informed that the old patriot was over eighty years of age and seldom received visitors. Many American and English tourists sought him out as one of the lions of the city; but, as their object was mere curiosity, he rarely granted an audience. Young Kossuth assured me, however, that, apart from the introductory letter with which I had been favoured, his father would be pleased to meet me. He advised me to call at his residence between two and three in the afternoon, after he had taken his usual constitutional.

Punctually at half-past two I called at No. 22, Via dei Mille, a house—or, rather, block—with one common entrance, respectable, but not sumptuous, in appearance, and looking out upon a square—with some pretensions to passing as a small park—at that time covered with snow. On inquiring from the concierge the way to Kossuth's apartments, she directed me to a door next the top of the first landing. The name "Kossuth," on a well-polished brass plate, invited a knock, which was at once responded to by a man-servant, who conducted me into an ante-chamber which was very plainly furnished, and hung round with a few pictures and maps. Immediately after sending in my card I was ushered into the adjoining room, where, seated behind a desk upon which piles of books and newspapers lay in order and neatness, I saw the man who in 1848-9 riveted the attention of all Europe upon his acts, and who for many years after was received throughout the world as an illustrious and incorruptible patriot exile.

He is a man about five feet nine, little bent for his age of eighty-three (1885). Hair as white as snow, with beard of moderate length of the same colour; black velvety skull cap; dress the perfection of neatness, also black; features calm and agreeable, with blue or light grey eyes, completed a picture of him who stood up to receive me, and, with a winning smile and courteous demeanour, bade me welcome to his home. The room had the appearance of being a study, in which the occupant went through a deal of literary work. Maps and photographs hung round the apartment. Cases well stocked with books, seemingly of all European languages, occupied the corners, while a huge correspondence bureau or document-holder extended the whole length of the side wall. I commenced by apologising for the intrusion, knowing how few visitors he was in the habit of receiving. To this he smilingly replied that he was pleased to make my acquaintance, apart from my being the bearer of a letter from one who had been among his many staunch friends when in exile in England. "But," remarked the old man, in what appeared to me to be a melancholy tone, "I am almost forgotten by the world now. I have lived here about seventeen years, and in walking along the streets of Turin I am a stranger to the people whom I meet." I ventured the opinion that he was mistaken in the impression that he was forgotten, so far at least as the political world was concerned, and I recalled the deep interest that was taken both in England and America in the publication of the "Memories of my Exile." "Some English and Americans call here in the tourist season," he replied, "but as I know they are only actuated by curiosity, I return them my card in exchange for those that are left with me." He offered me a cigarette and, on lighting one for himself, he appeared to become more cheerful, and we began a general conversation. I asked for an expression of his opinion on the political situation on the Continent, and what he thought of the social question which was now coming so rapidly to the front in nearly every European country. The new colonial policy of Germany and Italy he believed to be resorted to by the respective Governments of these countries in the hope of diverting the attention of the working classes from the Socialist programmes at home. "England, by aid of her colonies," he remarked, "has so far succeeded in getting rid of her redundant population, and thereby steering clear of the revolutionary movements which have been giving such trouble to her Continental neighbours. Germany and Italy are endeavouring to follow her example, but, in my opinion, it is too late." Speaking of France, he contrasted her European position to-day with what it was in 1848. "At that time she led all Europe in political thought and progress. Now, when actually a Republic, she had less influence over the political development of

Continental opinion than when she was struggling against the intrigues of most European courts and the domination of the Bourbons." He ridiculed the statesmanship which wasted the resources and damaged the prestige of France in the insane expedition to Tonquin. "How Bismarck must rub his hands with intense glee," said he, "when seeing French soldiers, ships, and treasures sent so far away from the neighbourhood of Alsace and Lorraine!"

On the purely social question he spoke with apparent reluctance; at least that was my impression. "Here in Italy," he remarked, "there is little on the surface of political life to indicate what really exists underneath, and which will explode before long. Not only Socialism, such as you have described as making its appearance in England, but Anarchism has got a strong hold on the minds of Italian working men. They have their societies in every street, and propagandists in every large workshop. They talk openly of the time when the doctrines of Communism will be put into practical operation, and when the workers of society will exchange places with the capitalists and property holders in the control of the affairs of the State. The same feeling is manifesting itself all over Europe. The manifold crimes which society has committed against the people—the working classes—for generations seem to be generating an epoch of retaliation, and I tremble at the consequences to society. The stubborn opponents of reform are invariably the real parents of revolution, and unless what is called "Society" will soon see the wisdom and expediency of legislating so as really to improve the social condition of the toiling masses throughout Europe—to lighten the burden of their lives and lessen the causes of their discontent—then all I can say is, 'God help that society when these masses, now rapidly educating themselves and studying the problem of life from their own standpoint of incessant and unjustly rewarded labour, take the task of achieving such reform into their own hands.' But I am too old to see the next great revolution; and I am glad of it, for it will be one with which that of 1789 will but poorly compare in its violence and bloodshed and the ultimate effect upon the destinies of mankind. I cannot call myself a Socialist, but if you were to ask me for a remedy for the evils which generate revolutionary Socialism, and out of which the next great revolution will spring, I must tell you I have none. God only knows the remedy!" After a short pause he added, "If the doctrines of Christianity, which are found in the New Testament, could be applied to human society, I believe the solution of the social problem could be got at."

Having related to him what had occurred in Ireland since the foundation of the Land League, and, having described, at his request, what the aims and objects of the movement were, the old man expressed his pleasure at hearing that so much had been done towards settling the Irish Land Question. "I will tell you some experience of mine," added he, smilingly, "in efforts to bring about peace between England and Ireland. It was in 1854, I think, but I am not certain of the year, that, finding myself in England, I was forced by my sympathies towards Ireland to take an interest in the Irish cause, which presented so many points of resemblance to that of Hungary. Just about that time, if I remember rightly, there appeared to be disturbance in Ireland arising out of some agitation connected with the tenure of land. I one morning read an article in the London *Times*, written as if in a spirit of virtuous despair over the everlasting Irish problem. The writer seemed to contend that all that could possibly be done to satisfy the Irish people had been either accomplished or attempted, and he wound up his article by asking, who under heaven could suggest a remedy for this ever-recurring Irish trouble? I was 'green enough,'" said the old patriot, "to believe that this was written in sincerity, and I immediately sat down to the task of writing a letter in which I described the old land system of Hungary. I pointed out that though this system retained a more feudal character than that of Ireland, still it stirred the Hungarian people to revolt against it. I next detailed the reforms which were effected in this system by our movement of '48, and then dwelt upon the security and satisfaction which followed to the cultivators of the soil. I advised that, as human nature was the same in Ireland as in Hungary, the application of the remedy to Ireland which had proved so successful in Hungary would effect similar results, and I ventured the opinion that if this were attempted a solution of the Irish agrarian difficulty would be found. I forwarded my letter to the *Times;* waited one, two, three days—a week, but no appearance of the letter in its columns. I then wrote privately to the editor, requesting the return of my manuscript if it could not be published. No reply. Not discouraged, I sat down and wrote a similar letter to the *Daily News*. The same result. Another to the *Morning Post*. No reply. I was then fully satisfied," said Kossuth, lighting another cigarette, "that Englishmen did not want to be told how to satisfy the Irish people; that they preferred going on misgoverning the country to honestly facing the simple problem of rendering your nation simple justice."

Speaking of Hungary, in answer to a question of mine as to whether there would be any obstacles on the part of the Emperor of Austria to his return, he replied that no opposition whatever would be offered were he to go back to-morrow; "but I will never visit my country again," added he, proudly and sadly. "When in 1848 I was put forward as the representative of my people's right to independence I took up a position before the world from which I can never recede. Hungary has of its own accord accepted the rule of Austria. I never will. I have no hope of Hungary repenting of her action." And advancing and laying his hand upon my shoulder he repeated earnestly, "I want you to remember this with reference to your country as well as to mine, that that which force takes away, time or chance or fortune may restore; but a right which a people voluntarily surrenders is lost for ever."

I learned from him that although his sons were in a position to support him in his old age, he elected to earn his own livelihood by literary labour. His love of personal independence of any aid outside his own exertions is in keeping with his life's resolve never to abate one jot of the independence of his country. An inflexible adherence to principle, with a corresponding hatred of compromise in which right would have to give way to opportunism, seemed to me to be the key of his character. Many critics condemn him for having refused to join in the compact between Hungary and Austria. His exalted devotion to Hungarian independence was the theme of European praise before the cause of that independence was abandoned in the compromise which was carried out by Deák. Now, however, a faithful adherence to the same principle, through years of exile and suffering, is spoken of as "mere fanatical enthusiasm."

Doubtless the worship of a principle which makes exile and its trials and sorrows preferable to the possession of power and honours, within a defined and limited liberty in one's own country, appears fanatical and perverse in an essentially practical age. It is the want of virtue in ourselves which invites us to mock at a conspicuous measure of it in others. Kossuth's spirit is as much at variance with the ease and advantages of political compromise as the life of a religious ascetic is with the temptations of personal indulgence. But are political and religious intransigeants not the inevitable and indispensable standard bearers of all that is great and good in true human progress? And are they not, therefore, the mainspring of that measure of progress which less virtuous but more accommodating minds are enabled to achieve in the service of humanity? After all, those who laud Deák for his work in winning autonomy for Hungary

pay unconscious homage to Kossuth, whose uncompromising patriotism and determination were the main factors in wringing a Constitution from Austria. The capitulation of Komárom may have sealed the fate of a separate Hungary, but it laid the foundation of Hungary's present legislative independence.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

THE BRITISH MILITARY PEACOCK.

MILITARY critics are still talking technical platitudes—*apropos* of the newest report—about Atkins's food, and his pay, and the way the Government hocusses him. But there is another subject connected with the army which no Commission reports upon, and which the orthodox military critic leaves alone. Yet it is a rather important subject. We mean the tailor's bill of the British officer, and what the tailor's bill has to do with keeping out of the army men with slender purses. There is no army in the world so elaborately, so expensively, and so uselessly tailored as ours. Our officers are embellished literally from top to toe; and of the designing and making of clothes for them there is no end. An officer of the German army, who is hardly ever seen in civilian's attire, has two uniforms only—the full dress and the undress. The British cavalry officer, who will never be seen in military gear if he can avoid it, has his full dress, his frock-coat, his stable-jacket (a much more elaborate affair than its name implies), his patrol-jacket, bound with fur and heavily braided; his mess-jacket, and in addition a serge patrol-jacket. Here is a sumptuous array, yet of all this goodly wear the article last mentioned, the plain serge patrol-jacket, is the only one which the officer takes with him on active service. For the purposes of real soldiering all his beautiful and costly coats, jackets, and trousers are perfectly valueless. In full parade dress an officer of the Household Cavalry * is loaded with probably not much less than a hundred pounds' worth of utterly useless finery. In the simple suit of *khaki* which equips him for active service, five pounds should cover him well. The full dress of an officer of Hussars is a most magnificent affair; the official description of the tunic alone runs to fourteen lines of close print in the volume of "Dress Regulations for the Officers of the Army." Let us set it forth in the precise words of the Adjutant-General himself:—

> *"Blue cloth, edged all round with gold chain gimp, except the collar, which has ¾-inch lace round the top." [English gold lace, by-the-by, weighs twice as much as any other.] "On each side of the breast six loops of gold chain gimp, with caps and drops, fastening with gold worked olivets. On each back-seam a double line of the same gimp, forming three eyes at the top, passing under a netted cap at the waist, and ending in an Austrian knot, reaching to the bottom of the skirt, with a tracing of gold braid all round the gimp. An Austrian knot of gold chain gimp on each sleeve, reaching to 8 inches from the bottom of the cuff. The skirt rounded off in front, closed behind, and lined with black. Shoulder-straps of plaited gold chain gimp lined with blue; a small button at the top; badge of rank in silver."*

Now a garment like that should not, if the military tailors know anything of their business, cost a halfpenny less than £20, yet it serves for nothing in the world but display. Such a coat, needless to say, would never be worn on the field of battle in the present day. One might quote endlessly from the "Dress Regulations" in proof of the contention that, even to the minutest detail of uniform and accoutrements, this foppery of ornamentation is carried to the very sky-line of extravagance. The shell-jacket of the Royal Engineers blazes, splendidly useless, over a full third of a page. The cocked hat of the medical officer must have its "tassels of gold crape fringe, with crimson crape fringe underneath," and its "plume of black cock's tail feathers, drooping from a feathered stem, three inches long." The pouch-bag of the 10th Hussars fills a third of a page in the official descriptive catalogue. The full dress sword-belt of an aide-de-camp to the Queen is of Russia leather, with slings, stripes of gold embroidery, and a gilt hook to hitch up the sword. This gentleman's sash is of "gold and crimson silk net," with tassels to match. The full-dress busby of an officer of Hussars demands thirteen lines of print in the volume. His Hessian boots and spurs are satisfied with nothing less than a quarter of a page. Scarcely one single thing that the officer is compelled to purchase for mere "stage effect" at home is of the slightest use to him when he is ordered abroad. The sabretache, for example, which in its original form served the officer as a kind of portable desk, whereon he might write a despatch, is now so plastered over with gold embroidery on the face that it could not possibly be used for that purpose. The cartouche-box on the cavalry officer's belt, with its flaps of sterling silver, would not hold even his cigars. Compare, again, any of the ornamental dress-belts with the unadorned active-service belt, the "Sam Brown." Then, to swell the pomp of the parade, there is the horse furniture, for the steed is only less wonderfully bedizened than his rider. Consider the splendours of the shabracque. The shabracque is a sort of saddle-cloth fit for an emperor of burlesque, which is placed over the saddle of an officer's horse in most of our cavalry regiments; its cost is probably about five-and-twenty pounds, and an officer might quite possibly be two or three years in the service without requiring to use it. The eye of the enemy has never yet beheld it.

The greater part of this, then, is tailoring and saddlery *pour rire*; and it is the necessity of buying all this gaudy trash which helps to keep up the cost of life in the army, and which operates to keep *out* of the army every man with small means. Let it be admitted that in all armies something must be sacrificed to ostentation; the mean, or *via media*, is easy to find. Give the officer his tunic for parade (though not a thing which is fit only to dazzle the pit of Drury Lane or the Adelphi), and for working purposes, his serge patrol: and beyond these he wants nothing more than his simple suit of *khaki* for foreign service. Is it not a fact that, when a regiment is ordered abroad at short notice, the officers pack away every morsel of parade-ground frippery, and spend a day or two hurrying round the town to pick up the bare handful of things which are all that they want, and are allowed to carry, in the field?

The whole of this "solemn mockery" of unserviceable embellishment might be banished to-morrow. Our armies were not tricked out in this way in the Waterloo days; no great general ever despised tailoring so heartily as Wellington; and rough-lipped critics have said that the fighting men went out and the fops came in after Waterloo.

One is occasionally told that garish uniforms and fine trappings assist to maintain the popularity of the army; but the truth is that, except on very special occasions, the British public sees next to nothing of its army. The lackadaisical argument used by the officers themselves amounts to this: "Oh well, look here, don't you know, we pay for the things ourselves; so what does it matter to the Johnnies outside?" If it be objected to this that the tailor's bill prevents any but rich men, or men with some private means, from entering the army, the answer is, "If a Johnny can't pay, we don't want him, don't you know."

This rejoinder would be perfect if regimental mess-rooms were only so many clubs for idle and wealthy dandies, and the whole duty of a soldier consisted in designing flaunting attire for parade, State balls, and levees.

But it might be maintained, with some show of reason, that armies exist to a certain extent for purposes of soldiering, and that an army which excludes from positions of command men who have not incomes to spend on fancy dress is hardly

* *Vide* "Our Armies. Illustrated and described by Richard Simkin." London: Sampson Low.

likely to be in all respects the best-officered in the world. Is not the British officer's lack of serious interest in his calling notorious? Is his knowledge of his profession to be compared for thoroughness with that of the German officer, who is always aware that, as promotion in the Kaiser's army goes strictly by merit, ignorance or carelessness will quickly bring him his dismissal? Colonel Maurice, who, as Professor of Military Art and History at the Royal Staff College, should speak with some authority, has more than hinted (and in print, too) that the very existence of most of the books which constitute military literature, and which may be regarded as more or less indispensable to the soldier's complete and efficient knowledge of his profession, "is unknown even to many officers of our army"! But —apart entirely from the consideration that he cannot get into the army at all unless he have money in his purse—what leisure has the young officer for study whose time in barracks is spent in popping out of one uniform and into another; whose most serious business, in a word, bears less resemblance to soldiering proper than to the performance of the "quick-change artiste" of the music halls?

THE CAVE-MEN OF MENTONE.

A DISCOVERY has just been made in the neighbourhood of Mentone that is of considerable importance.

In 1872 M. Émile Rivière discovered a skeleton in one of the caves of Baoussé-Roussé at Grimaldi, close to the French frontier, caves that are commonly but erroneously called the Grottoes of Mentone. They are nine in number, and had been commented on in 1786 by H. B. de Saussure. They face the sea and the sun. Each cave has a sort of terrace before it that is strewn with the *débris* of prehistoric man, shells, bones, and chips of flint. The bones are those of the cave bear, the hyæna, the rhinoceros, the glutton, and the horse. The two latter are slightly represented; the reindeer not at all. Vast quantities of shells have been found, many pierced so as to string them in necklaces. The fact that the reindeer is conspicuously absent distinguishes this deposit from those of the Vezère, and the rarity of the horse differentiates it from that of Solutré. The tools found are scrapers of flint, very few bone weapons, and no sketches on bone as at La Laugerie and Raymonden and La Madelaine. The remains in these caves have their special character that makes it impossible to range them along with those in any one of the classic deposits of France.

In 1872 M. Rivière exhumed a male skeleton from the fourth of these caves. The head was covered with small Mediterranean shells that seem to have formed a sort of cap, and the face had been covered with red ferruginous powder. Behind the skull were two flint blades. The man was 6ft. high. Some fragments of other skeletons were found, as well as two that were complete—of children. In 1884 M. L. Jullien discovered an incomplete skeleton at a depth of 28ft. in the fifth cave; in the sixth M. Rivière discovered another male skeleton of the height of 6ft. 6¾in. Another was found at a still greater depth. It was clear that all these bodies had been buried, but a controversy has raged relative to their date. MM. Rivière and d'Acy maintain that they belong to the most early period—that of the race which has left its remains on the Vezère and at Solutré, the reindeer and horse hunters. On the other hand, M. de Mortillet contends that they are much posterior interments, and belong to the neolithic age, that of the polished stone weapons. But it must be admitted that there is absolutely no evidence of disturbance of the early deposits for the purpose of late interments, and it is most unlikely that the neolithic men should have dug to the depth of 28-30ft. to bury their dead.

The recent discovery in these caves of three more skeletons—one of a man some 7ft. 9in. high, another of a woman 6ft. 3in., and of a youth—is of exceptional interest, for it allows of the solution of this vexed question. Unhappily, when M. Rivière made his first explorations there was a lack of scientific precision in his work which allowed wide range for controversy, the facts not being sufficiently established in their true connection. As the skeletons are not to be removed till the right of proprietorship of the cave and its contents has been determined by the courts, and as these are the Italian courts, some time is allowed for a committee of scientific men to assemble and note every particular as the bones are recovered from their sepulchre.

The Prince of Monaco has intervened, and has undertaken to defray the whole of the costs of M. Rivière's action claiming the cave and its contents, on condition that the remains are to become his property, but are to be disposed of in some way satisfactory to M. Rivière. It will not be amiss to place before the reader a clear review of the question in dispute.

On the banks of the Vezère is a district of limestone where the cliffs overhang and face the sun. Here from a remote antiquity men dwelt, and their remains of feasts and industry are heaped up in beds to the height in some cases of 40ft. The principal stations are Moustier, La Madelaine, Cro Magnon, Les Eyzies, La Laugerie Haute, and La Laugerie Basse. All these are near each other. Some—the four first—are now exhausted, and have been built over. This is, however, not the case with the two latter. The deposits in these shelters show remarkable differences, and indicate a gradual development of civilisation. They have been classified as Mousterian, Solutréan, and Magdalenian. The deposits of Le Moustier are the earliest, and underlie all others. They consist of rude flint spear-heads and scrapers *one side flat*, the other rounded and worked. Then comes the period of Solutré, represented on the Vezère by the deposits of Cro Magnon and La Laugerie Haute. Here the flint spear-heads are worked convex on both sides, and are of a most beautiful shape, pointed at both ends in the form of laurel leaves. Then, at length, the primeval men discovered the superior value of ivory and bone over flint, and they abandoned the use of stone weapons for spear-heads and harpoons beautifully worked in bone, the tools employed for working the bone being still of flint. This is the period of La Madelaine and La Laugerie Basse, and is the last of the three periods. It coincides with the extinction of the great beasts of prey, the cave lion, the hyæna, and also the mammoth. Reindeer formed a main staple of food to the people of these three stages, but at Solutré in Mâcon the horse was eaten to an enormous extent, and the reindeer was less common.

The remarkable and distinguishing feature of the last epoch of the reindeer-hunters is the artistic capacity of the race. Not only were their weapons graceful and delicately ornamented, but they were endowed with a singular skill in sketching and sculpturing representations of the animals they saw.

What became of this race is uncertain. Probably it retired north as the glaciers of Central France disappeared, and followed the reindeer to polar regions. This, however, is a mere matter of conjecture. Certain it is that the cave stations were abandoned for a considerable period of time, during which natural deposits were formed, burying those of the reindeer-hunters—deposits entirely free from traces of human industry. Then the period of the polished stone workers ensued; the race that erected the megalithic monuments, the cromlechs and dolmens and stone avenues, entered Europe, following the coast of the Baltic and hugging the sea, spread over France, tracing up the rivers from the West. The cranial character of this race is very well established, as it buried its dead in dolmens—cromlechs, we call them in England—and numerous skulls have been

recovered. It was a mixed race; the heads are not of one type, and in all likelihood it took up into it by marriage or adoption other races that were subjugated.

But what was the primeval race of all? Over this much controversy rages. M. de Mortillet and the Darwinian school desire to identify with it the type of skull found at Neanderthal and Cannstadt—that is to say, a skull of an almost simian character. Now, Neanderthal is near Düsseldorf, in the Rhine basin, and Cannstadt is in Würtemberg, and in neither case were the remains of these men of low type found associated with weapons. Indeed, it is quite impossible to say to what age these men of low intelligence belonged. The Cannstadt man came from a Roman *oppidum* and subsequent Merovingian interments.

On the other hand, skeletons have been found *in situ* among the remains of the earliest works of men. At Cro Magnon were found the skeletons of an old man over seven feet high, a woman, and a child. It is quite true that they were on the surface of the relics of feasts, but it is also almost certain that they had taken refuge and had died in these caves just before they were naturally buried by a fall of rock. At La Laugerie Basse a still more remarkable discovery was made by M. Massénat, of a man of the Palæolithic age who had been killed accidentally by the falling in of the roof, which had crushed his spine and thigh. The skull is as well shaped and capacious as that of an ordinary Englishman.

It would indeed be antecedently improbable that men of low, retreating foreheads and of rudimentary intelligence, such as were the Neanderthal and Cannstadt men, could have made such beautiful weapons as those of Solutré, or have sketched with such a spirited hand as did the artists of La Laugerie Basse, of Raymonden and Thayngen. Such men had the sense of the beautiful. We have sketches of theirs of horses and reindeer, where the artist, dissatisfied with the position given to the legs, has corrected his drawing to give them an attitude more graceful. And we find that the skulls associated with these remains are those of men with brains as good as ours, men who did not remain stationary, but advanced from stage to stage of culture; and there is a long stride between the rude flints of Moustier and the beautiful lances of ivory and harpoons of bone found at La Madelaine. At Solutré several skulls have been found; the burials were associated with the hearths. Where the men had lived and feasted, there they were buried when dead. These skulls were anything but simian.

When the crushed man was discovered at La Laugerie Basse, M. Massénat sent to Paris to request that a commission might be appointed to investigate the remains before they were touched. M. Cartailhac was sent down, and he, in conjunction with MM. Philibert Lalande and Massénat, drew up on the spot a statement that there was no evidence of disturbance of the soil and of the earlier beds for a subsequent burial; the man had fallen where killed accidentally. But controversy blinds men's eyes; and in his recent work, "La France préhistorique," M. Cartailhac, without giving any reason for a change of opinion, has stated that the crushed man is a case of burial. The Darwinian school are resolved to establish that these men of good build with well-developed skulls are Neolithic men buried in earlier deposits. It is for this reason that the recent discovery at Mentone is so important. It will prove a crucial case. We are not told what is the character of the skulls—unhappily the man is headless—but a commission it is to be hoped will be appointed to determine whether there is any trace of disturbance of the ancient beds for the purpose of subsequent burial. Up to the present, the evidence against the primeval man being a little better than an ape is overwhelming, and, unless we are much mistaken, the recent discovery at Baoussé-Roussé will not set it on its legs again.

PROPERTY IN IDEAS.

THE question of literary property has arisen in a specially piquant form through the discovery of an ingenious form of "conveyance" practised by one religious paper on another. The *Religious Review of Reviews* has apparently been making large use of matter which had already adorned the columns of the *Record*, and has omitted the formality of acknowledging its source. The title of the *Religious Review of Reviews* suggests, indeed, an obvious literary larceny from Mr. Stead's magazine, which, in its turn, points to a scientific application of (shall we say?) the more modern type of sub-editing. But that is precisely where the point of morals—such as it is—comes in. What is fair literary "conveyance," and what is not? Clearly the sort of borrowing, without reference to the lender, in which the *Religious Review of Reviews* has been indulging belongs to the second kind of transaction. But that by no means exhausts the question. Is an evening paper justified in printing, with acknowledgment as to its source, material for which a morning paper has paid a high price and possibly organised a special service of intelligence—*i.e.*, into which it has put both money and brains? On the other hand, is it possible to discriminate between material which the originating paper is willing—even anxious—to see reproduced, and that which it desires jealously to guard for its readers alone? There is an absurdity involved in the position under which, as a recent writer suggested, we might be preparing the way for a line of Dukes of Shakespeare, charging the public handsome royalties for the temporary use of their ancestor's works. Just as we are all members one of another, so do nine out of ten editors and sub-editors live, cannibal-like, on their own species. The end in view is, after all, the dissemination of ideas, not their consolidation in a kind of highly select intellectual "stock." And in our anxiety to protect the rights of men who run newspapers for profit, we must not overlook the interests of the community for whom, after all, newspapers exist.

At the same time, it cannot be doubted that the present system, resting as it does on an obscure and singularly clumsy law, contains some obvious injustices and defects. Take the case of the outbreak of a foreign war. The great daily morning papers would all organise special services direct from the seat of war, costing them tens of thousands of pounds for correspondents' salaries and expenses and for the conveyance of telegrams. But the halfpenny evening press, appearing long before the sale of the morning papers is over, would be able to reproduce the essential points of these communications for half the price, and for the mere cost of "setting" the material. If we remember rightly, the fortune of one of the most reputable of the evening papers was practically ensured in this fashion at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. Or suppose a more extreme case still—that of the starting of a halfpenny morning express, appearing a little—but only a little—later than the penny morning dailies, and scientifically "gutting" their special home and foreign intelligence, on which the *Times*, for instance, spends a large portion of its revenues. The injustice of this would be palpable; and yet the law hardly affords a sufficient remedy. It may be quite true, as Mr. Strahan states, that there is a copyright in news, and that an action lies for the tort or injury done the property. But the result of such a case could, at the best, only be the protection of the matter already stolen. In other words, it could not be republished by the offending journal or by any of its contemporaries. But there would be nothing to prevent the pilfering of further news or telegrams, for the simple reason that no copyright can arise in material until that material exists in printed and saleable form.

There would seem, therefore, to be some genuine ground for a reform of the present law, which, without abolishing the healthy communism in ideas

without which—as Hegel pointed out in days when Mr. Stead was not—no intellectual life is possible, might prevent some of the grosser cases of conveyance of newspaper property. We fancy that the case could be met by some adaptation of the American law. American newspapers can always copyright special articles, and the fact that they have done so is at once notified to the reader by a line at the head of the communication. We really do not see why the *Times* should not similarly be allowed to secure for itself (if it wanted) a special despatch of M. de Blowitz, just as Mr. Knowles contrives, by threats of vague but terrific import, to save from the clutches of the daily press the poems with which Lord Tennyson is occasionally pleased to favour him. But it would be necessary to safeguard a power of this kind, so that it might not be used to stifle the healthy and honourable criticism and treatment of matter in which the whole civilised world has an interest. After all, we doubt whether any publisher or newspaper or magazine proprietor is much the worse for four out of five of the excerpts that are made from his pages. In three cases out of five quotation is the advertisement gratis which he desires. In the fifth case it may help to kill, or, at all events, to affect, the sale of his own wares. In this fifth case it seems natural that some remedy should be applied, though it is always worth remembering that we are all thieves of ideas—and that, after all, theft ceases when a whole community practises stealing from itself.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN his new collection of "Essais sur la littérature contemporaine" (Paris: Calmann-Lévy), M. Ferdinand Brunetière speaks of a certain journalist "who has made himself a manner—not to say a specialty—out of indignation." It may be vulgar to say "You're another," but one must at least think it. For we all have our special manner, and M. Brunetière's is an austere disdain. He has the most catholic contempt of any critic we know; even when he falls to praising—which, to do him justice, is a very rare weakness with him—he continues to give his praise such an air of something grudged, and, as it were, extorted, that the object of his praise seems somehow belittled. Samuel Johnson said he could conceive nothing more humiliating than to be patted on the back by Tom Davies. M. Brunetière's approbation is as humiliating as Tom Davies's. For instance, he devotes a paper to demonstrating that, after all, there is an element of truth in the theories of the modern school of Symbolists. From such a quarter, such a demonstration seems magnanimous indeed, and the first feeling of the Symbolists themselves must be one of embarrassment at the unexpected honour. But their embarrassment is likely to become a very different sort of emotion when they read such sentences as these: "If the Symbolists do not always see clearly into their own ideas, nor understand how to realise them, it is the business of criticism to come to their assistance. . . . Not that I consent to be their dupe. . . . I am aware, alas! that for the most part they are less solicitous about art than avid of advertisement and notoriety. . . . And I must admit that I can quote nothing of theirs to justify the praise I should like to bestow on it. . . ." This is what we have ventured to call humiliating approbation. Then there is a certain M. Maurice Spronck, who has been so unfortunate as to have written a book which M. Brunetière professes to like. He even goes so far as to "have no hesitation in recommending" this book—the first book—of M. Spronck. Yet he contrives in his very recommendation to hint that M. Spronck is older than the author of a first book ought to be. "I speak of M. Spronck as a young author, because the moment a man writes or prints for the first time he falls into the category of young authors. . . . Or, if perchance M. Spronck should be less young than we have been supposing," etc. Again: "M. Spronck has ideas, but I fear they are not yet matured. . . . If the book, however, is all the worse on that account, the author is all the more interesting"—and so on. This mode of patting on the back out-Davieses Davies. No wonder that M. Brunetière is so little loved!

It is a real pity that he cannot persuade himself to be a little more genial, for his opinions are always worth considering—cannot, indeed, be safely ignored, despite the studiously disagreeable form in which they are expressed. Take, for example, his strictures on "Impressionist" criticism. The three chief professors of this school, M. Jules Lemaître, M. Anatole France, M. Paul Desjardins, have at present the ear of the literary public, and they have it—quite apart from the merit of their critical doctrine—because, unlike M. Brunetière, they possess the gift of genial writing. Their theory, too, as tending to make every man's tastes and prejudices a law unto himself, is dangerously seductive. Its central position is, of course, that there is no such thing as objective criticism. "There is no objective criticism"—says M. Anatole France in a passage which has already become a "classic place" of the subject—"any more than there is objective art, and all those who flatter themselves that they put something else than themselves into their work are dupes of the cheapest illusion. The truth is, we never get out of ourselves. That is one of our greatest miseries. What would we not give, for one minute, to see heaven and earth with the faceted eye of a fly, or to comprehend nature with the rude and simple brain of an orang-outang? But that is denied to us. We are shut up in our own person as in some perpetual prison-house." M. Brunetière replies, in effect, that this is sophistry: an adroit confusion of ideas which ought to be kept apart. "It is quite certain that we are not 'flies' nor 'orang-outangs'; we are men; and we are men, above all, by the power we have of getting out of ourselves, in order that we may seek ourselves, and find ourselves, and recognise ourselves, in other men. . . . Let us then leave the 'flies' and the 'orang-outangs' out of the question: we are not concerned with them, and they are only introduced to bewilder us. If there are any dupes in the matter, they are those who believe and teach that we cannot get out of ourselves, whereas the fact is that life is occupied in nothing else. And that for the very good reason that, otherwise, there could be no such thing as society, or language, or literature, or art." In every literary judgment M. Brunetière detects three elements. First, in a piece of literature—poem, novel, or drama—we find what we bring ourselves; and in that sense we ourselves make its beauty. We like what we are like. "Les uns s'aiment mieux en 'Candide,' et d'autres se préfèrent dans 'Paul et Virginie.'" Secondly, we find in our piece of literature what its admirers or critics have put into it, what the mere lapse of time has added to it. Thirdly, there remains "the work itself, a man, a date. That is quite enough. You may propose to determine the date with precision, and so settle at what moment of literary history, in what social surroundings, amid what preoccupations the man has lived and the work has appeared. You may propose to say what sort of man this was, merry or sad, noble or vile, admirable or hateful. And, further, you may propose to classify and judge the work. That is the whole object of criticism. What have you there which is not *objective*; which is not independent of the personal tastes and the particular sympathies of the person who proposes to explain, to classify, and to judge?" Of course, the Impressionists might reply that they use the word criticism in a narrower sense than M. Brunetière assumes: that they are thinking of purely æsthetic criticism, the analysis of beauty, while he is talking of history and biography and other extraneous matters. Nevertheless, M. Brunetière's case is not to be lightly dismissed. It

is a useful corrective of the exaggeration in M. Anatole France's statement.

One of the best essays in the book, to our thinking, is that entitled "Le Naturalisme au théâtre," in which M. Brunetière discusses, in passing, the well-worn but much misunderstood subject of stage-conventions. It is only lately that M. Brunetière has turned his attention to dramatic criticism; but the course of lectures which he has just delivered at the Odéon Theatre on the history of the French stage has at once raised him to the rank of an authority on the subject. His position, briefly, is that of a more enlightened, a more erudite, a more circumspect Sarcey. Like Sarcey, he insists upon the supreme importance of the fact that a play is something which is done in public, for the collective pleasure of several hundreds of people of different ages, sexes, humours, tastes, social position, and literary training. Like Sarcey, he deduces from this certain "conventions" of the stage as necessary and eternal. But, unlike Sarcey, he has the intelligence to perceive that there are conventions and conventions, and that while some are inevitable others are a mere nuisance. Unlike Sarcey, he has a good word to say for the dramatic reformers. "Let us congratulate these young people on their demanding, even in the theatre, an observation at once wider and more precise, more scrupulous and more keen. They are not wrong when they require the interest of situation to be subordinated to the painting of character; when they ask that plot shall be simplified, and that every other pleasure the playhouse offers shall not be sacrificed to the single one of curiosity." From a critic so conservative by temperament this is a noteworthy concession.

THE DRAMA.

"A Doll's House" revived—"The Life we Live"—"The Tin Box."

ONLY an hour before the revival of *A Doll's House* at the Avenue this week, a letter reached me from a reader of The Speaker in Queensland, who was so courteous as to favour me with some interesting information as to the state of theatrical affairs in that colony. He draws a gloomy picture. "Theatrical companies only come," it seems, "because of the lax state of the insolvency laws. In this morning's paper there was an account of the winding up of the estates of three theatrical managers, and this is but a sample of what is constantly going on. The lesser stars which visit Sydney and Melbourne seldom think it worth while to journey to the Northern Colony." Well, well: this is no very terrible privation, surely? My distant correspondent should remember the Virgilian tag about "sua si bona norint." Some of us in this actor-ridden London would be glad to find a pleasant Queensland retreat where there are no "stars," lesser or greater. The more one thinks of it, the more one is persuaded that the Joy of Living would not be materially diminished by the absence of actors—who will persist in thrusting their intrusive personalities between the dramatists and the dramatic critics. Indeed, at a pinch, I think we might manage to do without the dramatists into the bargain. So long as the dramatic critics remained, I should be of Pangloss's opinion, that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. True, they would have no drama to criticise, but they could criticise one another—and tell anecdotes about Tomlins. It was not, however, for the sake of dragging in the immortal Tomlins that I mentioned my correspondent's letter. What I particularly want to quote is his concluding sentence: "*With the exception of Miss Achurch* we have not had anyone with the least pretensions of knowing anything about acting for five years at least." The exception is significant. Miss Janet Achurch has evidently left her mark upon Queensland. I regret to have to add that Queensland has left its mark upon her, or—not to be unfair to the "Northern Colony" in particular—Australia has left its mark. That has happened to her which happened to Edmund Kean, to Rachel, to Sarah Bernhardt. She has taken her talent round for the amusement of the barbarian populations (the "Northern Colony" must not be affronted at the epithet, which I use in its Thucydidean or Pickwickian sense), and the barbarians have sent it back to us a little weather-worn, a little travel-stained. I seem to see the labels "Sydney," "Melbourne," "Brisbane," stuck all over it, as though it were a portmanteau which has sojourned in many hotels. The courage of Miss Achurch in taking out *A Doll's House* to the Antipodes was, of course, magnificent. Let us all applaud it. The ethical effect of the play in the land of the larrikin, the black fellow, and the ornithorhynchus may, for all I know to the contrary, have been seismic. At this moment, I dare say, many Australian Noras are insisting upon their rights as human beings, while Torvald (if bank-managers flourish in a country where, I gather from the pages of the ingenious Rolf Boldrewood, banks only exist to be "stuck-up") allows them to go out and bang the front door. But at what artistic cost to the actress has this moral upheaval—if upheaval there has been—found itself accomplished! To get *A Doll's House* into the heads of her barbarian or, to speak more civilly, unsophisticated audiences, Miss Achurch has had to shout it at them, to thrust it before them, to belabour them with it. She has been determined that they shall understand it. She comes back to London, and she is still under the impression that we shall not understand the play unless she is constantly "underlining" it, emphasising its "points," pausing "with intention" on the critical passages of its dialogue. It is with her as with many schoolmasters, who cannot shake off the pedagogic manner even in the society of grown men. In a word, she overacts. Needless to say that Ibsen is pre-eminently a dramatist whom to overact is to spoil. The very essence of his method is subtle suggestion, veiled irony. He wishes (like the dismal Jack-Pudding in Mr. Gilbert's *Mountebanks*) to make you think, to instil doubts into your mind about the validity of your conventional beliefs, rather than to present you, confidently and emphatically, with cut-and-dried answers to the riddles of life—in short, he is a disintegrating rather than an integrating force. A player who comes between you and this sort of work, dwelling on its knotty points, pointing out, as it were, the important passages, the clues to the author's meaning, with a wand—for fear you should miss them—is felt to be in the way. Take just one instance. In the first Act, Nora has been listening to her husband explaining how the worst effects of crime are felt in the criminal's own home, where the children breathe a contaminated atmosphere. As she has just discovered herself to be guilty of the crime of forgery, this new view of what is likely to result from her conduct horrifies her, so that, when the children are brought in, she hastily bids the nurse take them away. The incident is important. Nora's conviction that she is unfit for motherhood is the key to much of her subsequent conduct. It is for the children's sake, rather than for her own or for her husband's, that she finally bangs the front-door. Miss Achurch, seeing the importance of this point, is determined to fix our attention upon it at once: and so she shrieks, "Take them away, don't let them come near me!" with as much melodramatic fervour as though she were a Coupeau shrinking from the blue devils in the Zola-Reade play. That is to say, she forces the note, she is unnatural: in endeavouring to explain Ibsen she has spoiled him. But enough of this! I am really becoming a little ashamed of dwelling upon the deterioration of Miss Achurch's Nora. (Oh, those Australian audiences! I declare I never will forgive the larrikin and the ornithorhynchus!) After all, Miss Achurch is what she was—an

intellectual actress: if her power is misdirected and too lavishly employed, still it is a great thing to have power. She has returned to us with a deeper, stronger voice, with fuller experience, with—if the expression may pass—a richer histrionic palette. These are qualities which ought to make their mark in romantic drama, and even in tragedy. In those lofty regions I hope, at no distant day, to meet and applaud her. Of her comrades in *A Doll's House* very little need be said. The qualities which made Mr. Charrington a good Rank make him a bad Helmer. Mr. Fulton's Rank and Miss Marion Lea's Mrs. Linden are good enough, but not brilliant. Mr. Hubert Flemming, whose name is unknown to me, makes an excellent Krogstad.

It is not my fault that I have to make the grotesque transition from a play of Ibsen's to a Princess's melodrama. A new melodrama has been produced at the Princess's, the press has been invited, and so, I suppose, it would be unfair to leave it unmentioned. It is called—I only wish the author's humour had not stopped short at the invention of a title—*The Life we Live*. This is the life we live. We enlist in the dragoons, when drunk. When sober, we desert in order to visit our dying mother. Pursued, we hide in a haystack, and, on emerging, are arrested for murdering a bailiff who, in reality, was shot down by our uncle. We are condemned to penal servitude; but our uncle, with a band of rioters, rescues us from the prison-van which is conveying us to Portland, and so we are just in time to knock down the villain who is persecuting our sister. Ultimately our uncle confesses his crime, and the life we live is henceforth one of unchequered happiness. Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. W. L. Abingdon, Mr. Henry Bedford and Mr. Wilfrid Shine, Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Lilian Millward, are engaged in living this sort of life. Let my Queensland correspondent think of what is taking place every evening in Oxford Street, London. The thought will reconcile him to his theatreless lot.

Mr. Manville Fenn's farce at the Globe, *The Tin Box*, is one of the innumerable instances which show that a man of proved capacity to tell entertaining stories in space of two dimensions may lose all his cunning in space of three. Even the vivacious acting of Miss Annie Hughes cannot mitigate the tediousness of this farce. Its title instantly suggests Colman's play *The Iron Chest*, and it is almost as tedious as that tragedy. A. B. W.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HERE is a fragment of a conversation which I had the other day with an Academician:—

"Why are you always so down on the Academy?"

"Well, look at your elections."

"What elections?"

"The last three elections. Do those elections represent artistic opinion?"

"Perhaps not, but there are social and commercial reasons. . . ."

"Social and commercial reasons!"

"Certainly. Mr. —— is a great favourite; there would have been a row if he had not been elected. His picture of —— is in every drawing-room."

"Let the drawing-room be waived. Do you care for his work?"

"Well, looked at from his side, etc. Personally, I've tried over and over again to get Mr. Albert Moore into the Academy, but it seems to be impossible."

"Why impossible? Is his work not liked by the Academicians?"

"Oh, yes; next to Mr. Whistler we think him the greatest artist we've got; but——"

"I won't press the matter. Tell me about Mr. Swan. Has he a chance?"

"Yes, he has a chance; but, like Mr. Whistler and Mr. Albert Moore, his reputation is principally among artists, and we must follow the public taste."

"But in following public taste so closely, do you not think that you are running a great risk?"

"What risk?"

"That the public will find out sooner or later that the Academy is no more than a commercial enterprise, no better and no worse than any furniture shop in the Tottenham Court Road. Lately you have been following public taste so closely that you have no one among the Associates to replace the leading Academicians: Mr. Orchardson, Sir John Millais, Mr. Hook, Mr. Alma Tadema. Whom have you among the Associates? Mr. Leader, Mr. Brett, Mr. Stanhope Forbes? Will you elect Mr. Leader an Academician?"

"If Mr. Leader's pictures keep up in price we shall have to elect him. But what you say is quite true—I've thought of it myself. There are too few artists among the Associates. I fancy we shall find ourselves obliged to elect Mr. Swan at the next election."

"And Mr. Albert Moore?"

"Well, of course, if there is an agitation in the Press. . . ."

I'm sorry I cannot give the name of the Academician with whom I had this interesting conversation. Perhaps it was with an Associate. But that is a minor point. I venture to say that it will not be denied that the reported conversation represents the known attitude of the Academy towards Art. The Academy has become a strictly commercial enterprise, catering for whatever fashion in art the general public is interested in. No one contests the right of the Academy to make money, and to make as much money as it can. But if its object is only to make money, why the Royal Charter and why the site worth at the lowest estimate three hundred thousand pounds? Neither Mr. Maple nor Mr. Pears has been granted a Royal Charter, and if Mr. Pears were to ask that a nice piece of land on the Thames Embankment should be given him for nothing, whereon to erect a soap manufactory, I wonder what sort of amazement his request would create, I wonder what sort of answer would be returned to him, if any. Yet is the difference between the Royal Academy and a soap manufactory very obvious? Yes, one is State-protected, the other is not. One turns out an article, wholesome, beautifying, and of use to everyone; the other turns out an article, ugly, degrading, and of no use to anyone. The Academy is a blot on the sacred principle of Free Trade, and it is a blot that it will be difficult to remove. It has erected a building which cost £170,000 on a site worth £300,000, and that gives it a security of tenure which Parliament itself can neither annul nor control. The Academy has successfully resisted a Royal Commission, and the many various newspaper agitations—led in one instance by a no less person than Mr. Holman Hunt, and in the *Times*—failed to obtain the slightest measure of reform from this institution. The House of Lords is a house of cards compared with the Academy; the Throne itself is not so secure—the security of the Academy is comparable to nothing except perhaps to the rock of Gibraltar. The Royal Charter, the affixes "R.A." and "A.," the age of the institution, its known wealth, and the monumental aspect of the building, these things are the precious dust with which the public is blinded and deluded into the belief that an artist is not great unless he is an Academician, and that all is worthless that is rejected by the Academy.

The Academy is a prosperous and a fortunate concern. The Sculptor Chantrey left nearly a hundred thousand pounds for the purpose of purchasing pictures, and the spending of the interest of this money is in the hands of the Academicians. How is this money spent? The Academicians purchase each other's pictures. Does anyone think that the prices they pay for pictures out of this fund represent the market value of the pictures? No one thinks such a thing. Everyone knows that whenever an

Academician is getting hard-up a hole-and-corner meeting is held, and his picture is paid for, and at an exorbitant rate, out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund. If ghosts rose from their tombs, the marks of Chantrey's fingers would be found on the throats of the Academicians.

In a few days after the appearance of this article the Academy will open its doors, and the Press will be invited to pronounce its opinion on the collection. Every prostration will be performed: there will be first notice, second notice, third notice, fourth notice, fifth notice. And this is how the notices will be written. The first five and twenty lines of every daily paper will go to the President. The nymph stands on the right, in the shadow of soft green foliage; the group of cupids are in the middle of the picture, and the golden rays of the setting sun, etc.; and the whole composition is pervaded with that sense of classic beauty and grace which we expect in the work of, etc. After the President follows Sir John Millais, and he will get some twenty or five and twenty lines, and we shall be told that in his portrait of Miss —— he has again revealed to us one of those charming types of English maidenhood which, etc. And when the R.A.'s are finished, unabashed, like giants refreshed, the critics will plough their still more stubborn way through the A.'s; and when the critics are done the public will do the Academy as it does the park. It will look out the pictures of the R.A.'s and the A.'s just as it looks out the Dukes and the Marquesses in the park. At the beginning of the season there will be a banquet and a speech from the President. In ornate phrases the President will dwell on "the fact" that with the progress of education the nation is taking an ever-increasing interest in art, that art has become a necessity in the life of the nation; and when he speaks of the cultivation of our æsthetic sense, the path of the future, and the providential idea, everyone will feel that if a new Michael Angelo does not arise to-morrow that he has no one to blame but himself. And, to adequately close these happy proceedings, the unhappy R.A. whose picture did not sell will receive an extra thousand out of the Chantrey fund, just to compensate him for his disappointment, and forthwith a couple of valets will remove the picture to the cellars.

I admitted just now that the position of the Academy was impregnable, and spoke of our famous fortress. I did not do so casually, but with intent. Gibraltar itself was once captured by a small company of resolute men, and if ever there exist in London six resolute art critics, each capable of distinguishing between a bad picture and a good one, each determined at all costs to tell the truth, and if these six critics will keep in line, then, and not till then, some of the reforms so urgently needed and so often demanded from the Academy will be granted. I do not mean that these six critics will bring the Academicians on their knees by writing fulminating articles on the Academy. Such attacks were as idle as whistling for rain on the house-tops. The Academicians laugh at such attacks, relying on the profound indifference of the public to artistic questions. But there is another kind of attack which the Academicians may not ignore, and that is true criticism. If six newspapers were to tell the simple truth about the canvases which the Academicians will exhibit next month, the Academicians would soon cry out for quarter, and grant all necessary reforms. But this enterprise would require not only six honest, but six capable, critics; therefore my scheme is no more than an innocent fairy-tale: an El Dorado, a poet's dream.

The Academy will endure: it is founded on too strong a basis of ignorance and avarice ever to be uprooted. It will remain our great artistic scandal, and a warning to future Royalty to keep its hands out of art, as it has learnt to keep them out of politics.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

NONE of the current quarterlies are more readable than *The English Historical Review*. Two of the papers—"The Siege of Belgrade by Muhammad II.," and "The Coming of Philip the Prudent"—are of exceptional interest. Whatever specialists may have to say about the latter, in it MAJOR HUME gives quite another idea of PHILIP II. than the highly-coloured picture of him as a sulky, sea-sick craven, trembling at his very shadow, which MR. FROUDE has drawn. MAJOR HUME has taken his account of the visit of PHILIP from contemporary narratives of Spaniards who accompanied him—not by any means an unbiassed source; but we are willing to accept as certain that PHILIP'S beer-drinking at Southampton, of which MR. FROUDE makes so much, was only a very simple and appropriate compliment to his new country. As to the Spanish testimony regarding PHILIP'S affability to the English, and his uniform kindness and even tenderness to his wife, it is too partial to be trusted. The suspicion with which the Spaniards were regarded, the contempt in which they were held, and the intolerable slights put upon them, are also matters not to be implicitly accepted on Spanish evidence.

NOTHING is more curious in MAJOR HUME'S paper than his account of the gravity with which all the Spanish narrators refer to England as the land of Amadis, of ARTHUR and his knights; and their attempt to identify localities and characteristics of England with the descriptions they had read of the land of romance, believed by them to be Britain, not Brittany. England appeared to them an enchanted garden with rippling fountains and fair arbours; but the English they could not abide; they found few Orianas and many Malvilias among the women, and the men were all barbarians. Some of the Spaniards said they "would rather be in the worst stubble-field in the kingdom of Toledo than in the groves of Amadis."

A COPIOUS but fragmentary and scattered literature has accumulated on the subject of the siege of Belgrade. Having collated the narratives of four eye-witnesses, and various Turkish, Greek, and Hungarian memorials, including the recently discovered annals of KRITOBULOS, MR. R. NISBET BAIN has written a graphic and stirring account of one of the most critical events in European history. The character of JOHN HUNYADY, the old Hungarian warrior, "a man who did everything with all his might, was always prompt in extremities, and always at hand when most wanted," appears of heroic proportions. Upon his shoulders, the shoulders of a frail old man, rested the burden of supporting the Hungarian Monarchy when MUHAMMAD II. with an immense army sat down before Belgrade. Led by HUNYADY and CAPISTRAN, an impassioned monk, the Hungarians made an adventurous river journey to Belgrade under cover of night, and, surprising the Turkish fleet, threw themselves into the city. During a three days' siege—by HUNYADY'S daring stratagems, and the patient, and at last impatient, valour of his followers—the great host of the Sultan was ruined. On the third day of the siege MUHAMMAD, "with no other helmet and cuirass than belief in Allah and confidence in the ascendancy of the star of Islam," led his troops in person, "illuminating the dark day with flashes of his dazzling scimitar"—SAID EDDIN, the Turkish annalist, is nothing if not magniloquent. But the Turks were too disheartened to be impressed except momentarily by the example of their leader, and the Hungarian victory was complete. In less than a month after, HUNYADY died. When MUHAMMAD heard of it, he sat long and silent with his eyes on the ground; then, raising his head, he said, "He

was my foe, but would that I had not lost him! His equal is not to be found among the subjects of princes."

A BATCH of letters from and to LEIGH HUNT will appear in the May number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Among them are some of CARLYLE'S, said to be exceptionally genial and interesting. MRS. RITCHIE will resume in *Macmillan's Magazine* her "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs," with further reminiscences of the house in Young Street and of the friends who came there—of JOHN LEECH especially.

THERE is but little news of forthcoming books this week. "Gossip of the Century," in two volumes, by the author of "Flemish Interiors"; and "Round-about Recollections," by MR. J. A. O'SHEA, will be published shortly by MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY. MR. FISHER UNWIN announces "The Autobiography of a Gamekeeper," edited by MESSRS. ARTHUR H. BYNG and STEPHEN M. STEPHENS. "Two Aunts and a Nephew," a novel by MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, will be published by MESSRS. HENRY & CO.; and "Mount Desolation," MR. CARLTON DAWE'S new Australian romance, by MESSRS. CASSELL & CO. We have received the first volume of a revised edition of DR. MACKINTOSH'S "History of Civilisation in Scotland" (GARDNER); a new edition of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S "Dante and his Circle" (ELLIS); the fourth volume of the popular edition of LECKY'S "History of England" (LONGMANS); and two large volumes of MR. ST. GEORGE MIVART'S "Essays and Criticisms" (OSGOOD).

THE new volume of "Poets and Poetry of the Century" (HUTCHINSON) contains an anthology from the works of women who have written verse, beginning with JOANNA BAILLIE and ending with MISS MATHILDE BLIND. It seems a fairly adequate selection; but we are at a loss to know why MRS. CARLYLE'S name is included and those of CHARLOTTE and ANNE BRONTË are excluded.

IT was the wish of SIR DANIEL GOOCH that extracts from his voluminous diaries should be made public. A selection, illustrative of his career, and bearing upon the works of national importance with which he was connected, has been edited by SIR THEODORE MARTIN and published by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & CO.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON'S charming novel, the "Fiskerjenten," has had the misfortune of being dramatised and put on the stage at one of the Copenhagen theatres. The attempt has shared the fate of many similar experiments. The greater part of the original charm and freshness of the tale has been sacrificed, and another striking proof afforded of the extreme difficulty involved in the task of ably and adequately transforming a good novel into anything like an equally good play.

THE astronomer, in his zeal for accuracy, is ever ready to dash to the ground any belief with which we may have become familiarised, if he feels justified in so doing by the light of new facts. Most of us have been taught to consider the latitude of a place as an unalterable and ever-constant quantity, but even in this our long-cherished ideas have to be given up. Observations extending over a considerable period have pointed out variations, which, although exceedingly small, are now beyond question. Many attempts have been made to put forward a satisfactory explanation of such changes, but the question has been found to be more difficult than was at first supposed. Everyone is acquainted with the fact that the latitude of a place is its distance measured in degrees from the Equator, while the Pole is ninety degrees from the Equator. What astronomers have recently discovered is that the Pole does not always occupy the same position, and, therefore, the position of the Equator must also undergo a change. Thus we see that latitudes must vary. The earth is not a sphere, for its equatorial diameter is longer than its polar diameter: the latter is known as the axis of figure, and MR. CHANDLER has discovered that this does not coincide with the axis of rotation, but revolves round it in a period of 427 days; so that the latitude, say of London, should ring the period of changes in this interval of time. Assuming a period of 306 days for this rotation, and an absolute rigidity of earth and ocean, MR. RADAU has calculated that the variations in the latitudes would have to be greater than those observed. The results which NEWCOMB, on the other hand, has obtained—using CHANDLER'S period, and allowing for the elasticity and mobility of the earth and ocean respectively—accord very well with the observations, proving that the length of this period is practically correct. Thus to the already long period of revolution of our Pole, which is completed once every 26,000 years, we must add this minor one, which has been found to perform its journey in the comparatively brief space of time of 427 days.

THE REMBRANDT discovery, to which reference was made in these columns a few weeks ago, continues to greatly interest artistic circles both in Scandinavia and Holland. KARL MODSEN, the Danish art-critic, has (our Copenhagen correspondent writes) been visiting Holland in his further endeavour to unravel the mystery, and with a number of Dutch art celebrities, examined, with electric light, the painting at the royal palace at Amsterdam, representing "The Banquet of the Batavians under Claudius Civilis." This picture, which has been supposed to be by JURIAEN OVENS, is pronounced a very moderate painting, and not at all like a REMBRANDT. KARL MODSEN now maintains that the no doubt genuine REMBRANDT at the Stockholm Museum represents the above subject, for which REMBRANDT had received a commission from the town of Amsterdam, and that it was probably refused by the town and afterwards disposed of elsewhere. But then why should this refusal have taken place? And, to make matters still more confused, according to a description of Amsterdam in the year 1662, REMBRANDT'S picture, "Claudius Civilis," was at that time actually at the royal palace, then the town-hall.

THE admirers of MR. BARRIE'S writings—and where may they not be found?—will be sorry to hear that the Auld Licht Kirk of Thrums (Kirriemuir), around which so many associations have lately clustered, is now being demolished, to make way for a more imposing edifice. The wood-work of the old meeting-house was "auctioned" last Saturday. We wonder who bought the pulpit from which the Little Minister preached his famous sermon against Woman. MR. CONAN DOYLE, who has been visiting MR. BARRIE at Kirriemuir, secured many photographs of the place and its more interesting features.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of the HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, formerly Premier of Canada and leader of the Liberal party in the Dominion from 1867 to 1878; MR. JUSTICE TESSIER, of Quebec; the REV. DR. HENRY ALLON, twice president of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and long editor of the *British Quarterly Review*; CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOAQUIN JOVELLAR, who was Governor of the island of Cuba during the *Virginius* affair, and was associated with

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS in the final defeat of the Carlists; the REV. T. PELHAM DALE, whose refusal to discontinue Ritualistic practices at St. Vedast's Church in 1880 brought on him imprisonment for contempt of court; the REV. CAREY BROCK, late Dean of Guernsey; the REV. R. BIRT, the oldest of the London Missionary Society's missionaries in South Africa; HERR FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT, the German poet, essayist, and traveller; M. RAOUL FRARY, a well-known French journalist; MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, best known as a novelist, but who had latterly turned her attention to Egyptology; MR. W. CHAFFERS, an authority more especially on pottery; DR. ELIJAH WHITNEY, of New York, long a leading Abolitionist; and MR. ROSWELL SMITH, President of the Century Publishing Company of New York, whose name will always be associated with the *Century* magazine and the Century Dictionary.

RUSSIA AND THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. VULCOVITCH.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 16th, 1892.

M. NELIDOFF, the Russian Ambassador, indignantly denies that he had any connection with the murder of Dr. Vulcovitch. No doubt he speaks the truth, but the investigations made by the Turkish authorities have brought out facts which ought to be clearly understood by the whole civilised world. It is very likely that they will be as new to the Czar as to anyone else. No one can suppose him to be any more guilty of assassination than M. Nelidoff.

It is clear, in the first place, that this was a political murder, and that the immediate actors were all Bulgarians, mostly from the Turkish province of Macedonia. The actual murderers were paid for their crime, but the conspirators were actuated by patriotic motives. They believe that so long as the present Government exists in Bulgaria there is no hope of the redemption of Macedonia and its annexation to Bulgaria. This can only be accomplished by the aid of Russia, and consequently it is the duty of Macedonian patriots to overthrow the Government of Prince Ferdinand and restore the Russian power. As there is no hope of doing this by legitimate means it must be done by assassination and brigandage, by treason and anarchy, and a general plan has been elaborated for the murder of all the leading officials—Dr. Vulcovitch was one of them. It is also clear that there are a number of Bulgarian emigrants and some still in Bulgaria who sympathise with this scheme, although the active members of the conspiracy are few. It is probable that the actual murderers are in the hands of the Turkish authorities and that they will be hung. The conspirators have escaped—and will go free.

In regard to the connection of Bulgarians with this affair nothing more need be said. The civilised world has long since judged this species of patriotism and classed it with the worst and most dangerous of crimes. The important question is what Russia has to do with this scheme of anarchy and assassination—is she to be condemned along with these murderers? It is not very easy to understand how a man like the Czar can encourage the persecution of Jews, Stundists, and Protestants, in his own Empire, or fill the prisons of Siberia with his subjects; but it is still more difficult to believe that, while in constant fear of assassination himself, he should encourage the murder of Bulgarian officials who stand in his way, or permit his Government to do so. But the facts in this case seem to be perfectly clear. The active agents in promoting this conspiracy are the Panslavic Committees of Moscow and Odessa. They furnish the money, direct the plans of the conspirators, and protect them from arrest. The Bulgarians engaged are, in fact, nothing more than the agents of these Committees—willing agents, as has already been said, but supported, directed, and protected by the Panslavic Committee. Now, in Russia no political organisation can exist without the approval of the Government, and the constant surveillance of all its acts by the Administration, so we might infer that these Committees are really semi-official departments of the Government. But we do not need to trust to inference. It is a fact that has been made plain in this case that these Committees are a recognised part of the Government, and have almost as much authority in the Embassy here, in the Legations at Bucharest and Belgrade, and in the Consulates, as M. de Giers himself.

In the case of Dr. Vulcovitch the direction of the conspiracy was in the hands of a man named Shishmanoff—an official in the Russian post-office here—a Bulgarian, who has never lived in Russia, but was furnished with a Russian passport. He was no sooner arrested by the Turks than they were forced by threats from the Russian Embassy to give him up, and he was taken on board a Russian steamer by a secretary of the Embassy, and sent to Odessa. The Russians will not give him up for trial. This is official action. Two other conspirators have been at Constantinople within a few months with Russian passports, and conferred with Shishmanoff and the murderers on board Russian steamers and at the Russian convent in Galata under protection of the Embassy. The chief of the Odessa Committee was not long ago Consul at Philippopolis, and one of the secretaries of the Embassy is specially assigned to the duty of keeping up a correspondence with the Committee. It was well known that M. Hitrovo when he was Russian Minister at Bucharest was acting under the orders of the Committee in organising raids into Bulgaria and the assassination of officials.

A case occurred some months since in Servia, where the chief of the Bellova brigands, who had committed murder and other crimes, was actually furnished with a Russian passport while in prison and then released, on the demand of the Russian Legation, and sent to a place of safety at its expense.

At last accounts, all of those concerned in the conspiracy to murder Dr. Vulcovitch, except the two men in prison here, were in Odessa, their character and business being well known to the authorities, and their connection with the Panslavic Committee openly announced. Under these circumstances, it is not unfair to accuse the Russian Government of being directly concerned in crimes akin to those for which they are now condemning Anarchists in Paris and London. Whatever may be the exact relation of the Panslavic Committees of Moscow and Odessa to the Government of the Czar, they can command all the influence and power of Russian officials abroad to aid their agents in their work of brigandage and assassination, and protect them after their crimes have been committed. Even M. Nelidoff did their bidding in rescuing Shishmanoff from the Turks and sending him out of the country, although he no doubt took pains to know as little as possible about the reasons why he was called upon to act as he did. Such are the facts, and they speak for themselves. The civilised world may be helpless to prevent such action on the part of Russia, but it will not forget it, and some day Russia will pay the penalty.

Dr. Vulcovitch's successor, M. Dimitroff, has been received with great honour by the Sultan, and made to understand that he looks upon Bulgaria as one of the chief defences of Constantinople; that he would gladly recognise Prince Ferdinand if he could be supported in it by the European Powers, and that he was determined to defend the interests of Bulgaria in general. This interview has excited no little interest in Constantinople, and now Russia and her agents are trying to make the Sultan believe that Prince Ferdinand is only an Austrian agent preparing the way for the annexation of the Balkan Peninsula to the Austrian Empire. But the Sultan

is not a fool, and is not likely to be much influenced by such arguments. Russian intrigue and Russian gold expended upon his chamberlains may stir up his fears and keep him quiet, but he will never go over to the side of Russia or take any active steps in support of Russian policy. This assassination of Dr. Vulcovitch in Constantinople is a warning of what may befall him at the hands of Russian agents. He may fear the Russians more than he did before, but he will not trust them more.

A FAITHFUL HEART.—II.

IT was as the Major said. The lodge-keepers asked no questions, and they passed up the drive, through the silence of an overgrowth of laurels and rhododendrons. Then the park opened before their eyes. Nellie rolled on the short, crisp, worn grass, or chased the dragon-flies; the spreading trees enchanted her, and, looking at the house—a grey stone building with steps, pillars, and pilasters, hidden amid cedars and evergreen oaks—she said, "I never saw anything so beautiful; is that where the Major goes when he leaves us? Look at the flowers, mother, and the roses. May we not go in there—I don't mean into the house? I heard the Major ask you not to go in for fear we should meet the housemaids—but just past this railing, into the garden? Here is the gate." The child stood with her hand on the wicket, waiting for reply; the mother stood as in a dream, looking at the house, thinking vaguely of the pictures, the corridors, and staircases, that lay behind the plate-glass windows.

"Yes; go in, my child."

The gardens were in tumult of leaf and bloom, and the little girl ran hither and thither, gathering single flowers, and then everything that came under her hands, binding them together in bouquets—one for mother, one for the Major, and one for herself. Mrs. Shepherd only smiled a little bitterly when Nellie came running to her with some new and more splendid rose. She did not attempt to reprove the child. Why should she? Everything here would one day be hers. Why then should the present be denied them? And so did her thoughts run as she walked across the sward following Nellie into the beechwood that clothed the steep hillside. The pathway led by the ruins of some Danish military earthworks, ancient hollows full of leaves and silence. Pigeons cooed in the vast green foliage, and from time to time there came up from the river the chiming sound of oars. Rustic seats were at pleasant intervals, and, feeling a little tired, Mrs. Shepherd sat down. She could see the river's silver glinting through the branches, and, beyond the river, the low-lying river lands, dotted with cattle and horses grazing, dim already with blue evening vapours. In the warm solitude of the wood the irreparable misfortune of her own life pressed upon her: and in this hour of lassitude her loneliness seemed more than she could bear. The Major was good and kind, but he knew nothing of the weight of the burden he had laid upon her, and that none should know was in this moment a greater weight than the burden itself. Nellie was exploring the ancient hollows where Danes and Saxons had once fought, and had ceased to call forth her discoveries when Mrs. Shepherd's bitter meditation was broken by the sudden sound of a footstep.

The intruder was a young lady. She was dressed in white, her pale gold hair was in itself an aristocracy, and her narrow slippered feet were dainty to look upon. "Don't let me disturb you," she said. "This is my favourite seat; but I pray you not to move, there is plenty of room." So amiable was she in voice and manner that Mrs. Shepherd could not but remain, although she had already recognised the girl as one of the Major's sisters. Fearing to betray herself, greatly nervous, Mrs. Shepherd answered briefly Miss Shepherd's allusions to the beauty of the view. At the end of a long silence Miss Shepherd said—

"I think you know my brother, Major Shepherd."

Mrs. Shepherd hesitated, and then she said: "No. I have never heard the name."

"Are you sure? Of course, I may be mistaken; but——"

Ethel made pause, and looked Mrs. Shepherd straight in the face. Smiling sadly, Mrs. Shepherd said—

"Likenesses are so deceptive."

"Perhaps, but my memory is pretty good for faces. . . . It was two or three months ago, we were going up to London, and I saw my brother get into the train with a lady who looked like you. She really was very like you."

Mrs. Shepherd smiled and shook her head.

"I do not know the lady my brother was with, but I've often thought I should like to meet her."

"Perhaps your brother will introduce you."

"No, I don't think he will. She has come to live at Branbury, and now people talk more than ever. They say that he is secretly married."

"And you believe it?"

"I don't see why it shouldn't be true. My brother is a good fellow in many ways, but, like all other men, he is selfish. He is just the man who would keep his wife hidden away in a lonely little lodging rather than admit that he had made a *mésalliance*. What I don't understand is why she consents to be kept out of the way. Just fancy giving up this beautiful place, these woods and fields, these gardens, that house for, for——"

"I suppose this woman gives up these things because she loves your brother. Do you not understand self-sacrifice?"

"Oh yes, if I loved a man. . . . But I think a woman is silly to allow a man to cheat and fool her to the top of his bent."

"What does it matter if she is happy?"

Ethel tossed her head. Then at the end of a long silence she said: "Would you care to see the house?"

"No, thank you, Miss; I must be getting on. Good-bye."

"You cannot get back that way, you must return through the pleasure-grounds. I'll walk with you. A headache kept me at home this afternoon. The others have gone to a tennis-party. . . . It is a pity I was mistaken. I should like to meet the person my brother goes every day to Branbury to see. I should like to talk with her. My brother has, I'm afraid, persuaded her that we would not receive her. But this is not true; we should only be too glad to receive her. I have heard father and mother say so—not to Charles, they dare not speak to him on the subject, but they have to me."

"Your brother must have some good reason for keeping his marriage secret. This woman may have a past."

"Yes, they say that—but I should not care if I liked her, if I knew her to be a good woman now."

To better keep the Major's secret, Mrs. Shepherd had given up all friends, all acquaintance. She had not known a woman-friend for years, and the affinities of sex drew her to accept the sympathy with which she was tempted. The reaction of ten years of self-denial surged up within her, and she felt that she must speak, that her secret was being dragged from her. Ethel's eyes were fixed upon her—in another moment she would have spoken, but at that moment Nellie appeared climbing up the steep bank. "Is that your little girl? Oh, what a pretty child!" Then raising her eyes from the child and looking the mother straight in the face, Ethel said—

"She is like, she is strangely like, Charles."

Tears glistened in Mrs. Shepherd's eyes, and then, no longer doubting that Mrs. Shepherd would break down and in a flow of tears tell the whole story of her life, Ethel allowed a note of triumph to creep into her voice, and before she could stop herself she

said, "And that little girl is the heiress of Appleton Park."

Mrs. Shepherd's face changed expression.

"You are mistaken, Miss Shepherd," she said; "but if I ever meet your brother I will tell him that you think my little girl like him."

Mrs. Shepherd pursued her way slowly across the park, her long weary figure showing upon the sunset, her black dress trailing on the crisp grass. Often she was obliged to pause; the emotion and exercise of the day had brought back pain, and her whole body thrilled with it. Since the birth of her child she had lived in pain. But as she leaned against the white gate, and looked back on the beautiful park never to be seen by her again, knowledge of her sacrifice quickened within her—the house and the park, and the manner and speech of the young girl, combined to help her to a full appreciation of all she had surrendered. She regretted nothing. However mean and obscure her life had been, it had contained at least one noble moment. Nellie pursued the dragon-flies; Mrs. Shepherd followed slowly, feeling like a victor in a great battle. She had not broken her trust; she had kept her promise intact; she would return to London to-morrow or next day, or at the end of the week, whenever the Major wished.

He was waiting for them at the corner of the lane, and Nellie was already telling him all she thought of the house, the woods, the flowers, and the lady who had sat down by mother on the bench above the river. The Major looked at his wife in doubt and fear; her smile, however, reassured him. Soon after, Nellie fell asleep, and while she dreamed of butterflies and flowers Mrs. Shepherd told him what had passed between her and his sister in the beechwood above the river.

"You see, what I told you was right. Your appearance has been described to them; they suspect something, and will never cease worrying until they have found out everything. I'm not a bit surprised. Ethel always was the more cunning and the more spiteful of the two."

Mrs. Shepherd did not tell him how nearly she had been betrayed into confession. She felt that he would not understand her explanation of the mood in which his sister had caught her. Men understand women so little. To tell him would be merely to destroy his confidence in her. As they drove through the twilight, with Nellie fast asleep between, he spoke of her departure, which he had arranged for the end of the week, and then, putting his arm round her waist, he said: "You have always been a good little woman to me."

GEORGE MOORE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

SIR,—Your article on the Scottish Universities Commission contains several grave misstatements, and is, I think, unfair both to the Universities and to the Commission. 1. You say that the academic year should be increased in length until it is as long as that in the English Universities. You further say that this change is not made because of the obstruction of the professors who insist on keeping their long holiday. The truth is, first, that the Scottish academic year is just as long as the year at Oxford and Cambridge, a little longer if you allow for the delays at the beginning of term; and secondly, the present division of the year is maintained not for the sake of the professors, but for the sake of students, who, being drawn chiefly from an unleisured class, require six months' salaried work in the summer in order to enable them to afford the six months of University work in the winter. At present about two-thirds of the students are actually engaged in professional work in the summer, and one-third in similar work, in addition to their classes, even during the winter. I am sure many of my colleagues agree with me in longing for a division of the year which would be less exhausting to both teachers and taught. When you say that the English Universities work from October to June, you are of course making a slip. 2. You speak of "a monstrous medley of fit and unfit" students paralysing instruction in the senior classes in Greek, Latin, and mathematics. You are not perhaps aware that it has been for some time usual—at any rate, in this University—I do not know the others—for the professor to hold an entrance examination for the senior classes. The "monstrous medley" is, without any Parliamentary interference, absolutely a thing of the past. You go on to say that since most students do not take their degree, therefore the majority of the class consists of non-curriculum students, who can attend any class without examination and drag down the standard of teaching. Now, I cannot say precisely what proportion of students proceed to their degree—you may be right, though I shall be astonished if you are—but this much is certain, that non-curriculum students so far from forming a majority, form about 3 per cent. of the whole—that is to say, out of 339 Greek students, I have either seven or eight non-curriculum students! By the way, is it not a little wild to speak of classes of 600 in Latin, Greek, and mathematics "in the larger Universities"? Glasgow is the largest of all; our numbers are—Greek, 339; Latin, about 360; and mathematics, always the largest, about 390.

Three more points: As to assistants, I agree with a good deal that you say; but the main condition which you fail to notice is that Scottish Universities are so poor, and the fees are so low, that it is not possible to have either a numerous or a highly-paid staff. The principle hitherto followed is that one teacher at a large salary, who can be to a certain extent in the front of his profession, is better money's worth to a University than two men at half the amount. I think decidedly that the salaries of the professors are at present too high, and shall welcome a reduction of my own; but I would remind you that the financial ordinances have not yet been issued, and that, as a matter of fact, most professors—I may say all of whom I have personal knowledge—are already paying additional assistants higher salaries out of their own purses than are fixed by the Court for the regular assistants.

Secondly, junior classes in Greek and Latin. Why are they not abolished? Because large numbers of students come from the West Highlands and other districts in which there are no schools giving the required teaching. By the new ordinances a man gets no privilege whatever by attending a junior class at the University. As a matter of fact, even before the ordinances the private arrangements of the professors made it practically indifferent whether a student learnt his elementary Latin and Greek in the University or outside; but by the new ordinances this is made even more explicit. There is no University monopoly. Is it desirable to destroy an organisation for teaching the ill-prepared students of remote districts inside the University, and force them to learn the same subjects outside? I do not see the advantage, but I see one disadvantage. If Highland students cannot learn Greek at home and are not allowed to learn it in the University, Greek will tend to drop out of their education. And as a consistent opponent of compulsory Greek, I am not afraid to say that I believe voluntary Greek to be one of the very highest and most life-giving of educational forces.

One last mistake in fact: You state that there is strong inducement offered to students to take the old curriculum in spite of the new options. This is the reverse of the truth. By the system of preliminary and postliminary examinations, a student taking the old course has to pass four examinations on the higher standard; by a skilful choice among the new subjects he can get in with only two. And this higher standard examination, which you make light of, I should like to see anyone attempt to introduce a harder one! There will be weeping in Ramah as it is.

As a sincere worker for educational reform, I hope that the ordinances will pass soon and unopposed. They are careful and conscientious; like everything else of their size, they have probably some serious flaws. The problems are complex, and there is the constantly recurring difficulty of small funds in the University, and limited leisure on the part of the students. Our Universities are cheap and democratic; they are very wide-reaching in their influence. It is quite illusory to expect them to have the qualities of Oxford and Cambridge: qualities only obtained by enormous endowments, fees, and resident staff, and quite incompatible with the democratic essence of the Scottish Colleges.—Yours sincerely,

G. G. A. MURRAY.

Greek Class, Glasgow, April 20th, 1892.

[The above letter has reached us at the moment of going to press. Our contributor will, no doubt, reply to some of the points raised next week.—ED. SPEAKER.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, April 22nd, 1892.

I HAVE a crow to pluck with the excellent Mr. Andrew Lang. In the *Illustrated London News* of last week he writes of "the poet Watts"—meaning thereby the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.—in a manner that betrays a curious, not to say incomprehensible, lack of sympathy on the part of the versatile critic. Mr. Lang seems to have stumbled upon some

of the secular poetry of the author of "How doth the little busy bee," and a perusal of it has made him unreasonably angry. Part of his anger admittedly arises from the fact that Dr. Watts praised Queen Anne because she tolerated Protestant dissent. He cannot resist a sneer at the notion of "Fair Piety" shining "under her Majesty's wing in the various and charming forms of Muggletonianism, United Presbyterianism, and so forth."

This is a provincial view of the situation at the time when Watts wrote his panegyric upon Queen Anne. Dissent, in the eyes of superior people, may be very vulgar nowadays; but even the most superior of the whole tribe of critics, if he knows anything at all, cannot pretend that it was merely vulgar in the time of Queen Anne. It represented at that time the learning, the piety, and the refinement of the English people. Those who preached in the Nonconformist chapels were for the most part men who had been removed for political reasons from their benefices in the Church of England. Those who worshipped under these preachers were the sons or the survivors of the great Englishmen of Cromwell's time—assuredly not men with whom even the most fastidious of the fine gentlemen of to-day need have been ashamed to be seen in Piccadilly. What the Church of England was at that dark period in its history Mr. Lang, who knows his Thackeray and Macaulay well, cannot be ignorant of. If one had to say on which side there was the kind of vulgarity that afflicts the souls of the modern critics of dissent, one would be driven to choose the side which possessed a thousand Thomas Tushers rather than that which could point to a Baxter and a Watts.

Dr. Watts, I need hardly say, was neither a United Presbyterian—indeed, in his day no such being as a United Presbyterian existed—nor a Muggletonian, and one can only be surprised at the fact that Mr. Lang has not suggested Mormonism among the "various and charming forms" of Protestant dissent for which he pleaded. But let this pass. A SPEAKER *causerie* is not the place in which to raise a theological dispute. It is only by the way that I have referred to the subject at all, in reply to Mr. Lang.

That Dr. Watts wrote some sad doggerel, that his rhymes were oft-times bad, his language obscure, his images ridiculous—all this I am ready to admit, and if necessary to prove by a hundred quotations far more telling than those with which Mr. Lang has furnished his readers. But that Dr. Watts never did any good work, and never merited the fame he has won and the place he holds in English literature—this contention I utterly deny. Everybody can laugh at the inflated stuff which most of the poets of Watts's day wrote at times. A hundred years hence the elegant critics of the twentieth century will probably have found something else to laugh and sneer at without going so far back as the reign of Queen Anne for it. But though Watts shared in the prevailing bad taste of his day, that did not prevent his writing some things that not only deserved to live, but that have lived.

What are they? I take up a copy of the "Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer"—not by any means a dissenting publication—and glancing through it I find that it contains just twenty hymns by Dr. Watts—twenty hymns by this impostor who added to his sins as a poet the crowning enormity of being a dissenter—which are being sung to-day by the most "fashionable" congregations in the Church of England. Of course, if I had taken any of the dissenting hymn-books I should have found that the number of Dr. Watts's effusions still in common use was vastly greater than the proportion in the Hymnal Companion would appear to indicate. But I have taken what may be fairly regarded as unfriendly testimony to his merits as a hymn-writer, and this is the result. No fewer than twenty hymns from his pen are in use to-day among congregations the members of which must abhor his opinions as a dissenter.

Nor need those who are jealous for the fame of the good doctor feel any reluctance to place these hymns in competition with the most popular productions of the same kind from the pens of more modern hymn-writers. Granted that Watts, even in his hymns, wrote much that was offensive to the taste of to-day, his fame may still be left to rest securely on the merits of such verses as those beginning

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"

and

"There is a land of pure delight."

Not that these represent the high-water mark of Watts's poetry. Many will prefer the stirring invocation beginning

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne";

whilst it is difficult to believe that anyone can be quite blind to the merits of the well-known hymn:—

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

"Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

"A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They die forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home."

Is it a small thing that a man's words should, more than a century after his death, be used in a thousand assemblies to express the deepest emotions, the dearest hopes, the loftiest aspirations of his fellow-men? If Watts, instead of writing bad verses in praise of Queen Anne and these hymns of which I have been speaking, had written no hymns, but had rivalled "glorious John" himself in real poetic fame, would the world now owe him as much as it does? I trow not. And let this further be said in praise of Dr. Watts, that whatever may be his faults as a writer of verse, he was really the pioneer in our English hymnology. Perhaps his work was rough at times; the work of your pioneer too often is. But at least he showed the way; and

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

Very few people know how many of the images and quotations which have been current among us for generations come from Dr. Watts. Some are ludicrous, some pathetic, some merely sentimental, a few really fine. The old dissenting divine, who lived at Theobalds under the kindly shelter of his fellow-dissenter, Sir Thomas Abney, and who possibly was rather vain of his powers as a hymn-writer—though no humbler soul ever poured forth its petitions to the Almighty—was the first to tell us that "the mind's the stature of the man." (He himself had nothing to boast of in his physical stature.) And, glancing this morning through an old hymn-book, I have come, amid a thousand plaintive memories associated with "Martyrs," "French," "St. Michaels," "Dundee," and

other melodies of the far-off past, all clustering round the name of Dr. Watts, upon certain couplets that have long since attained a world-wide fame:—

"Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue."

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

"O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

"I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below."

Some of these lend themselves to parody—and have been parodied pretty freely. One does not quote them in defence of Dr. Watts against the critical rapier of Mr. Lang. But, taking the man as a whole, remembering what he did for Congregational worship, remembering how large a part his hymns have had in moulding, if not the faiths, at least the forms, of religious expression of many generations of Englishmen, perhaps remembering, too, the days when I was more familiar with the muse of Dr. Watts than I can claim to be now, I have ventured to put in a plea against the sweeping condemnation he has met with at the hands of a great critic of to-day.

X. Y. Z.

REVIEWS.

ADAMS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

History of the United States of America. By Henry Adams. Vols. I. and II., The First Administration of Jefferson; Vols. III. and IV., The Second Administration of Jefferson; Vols. V. and VI., The First Administration of Madison. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS is a valuable book, one of the best contributions to the not too long list of good historical works that have appeared on America. It is evidently the result of a great deal of patient and careful work upon original authorities, especially upon State papers contained in the French and English, as well as in the American, public archives. Whether the documents cited and argued from are always the most material, whether we are given all that we need in order to follow and estimate the historian's conclusions, is a question on which no one can well express an opinion unless he has prosecuted the same researches as those which have occupied Mr. Adams, and which must have occupied him for years. But he gives us the impression of having done his work thoroughly, conscientiously, and with a generally sound judgment.

It is also an able book. That languid or busy readers will generally care to follow the long and tangled tale of negotiations, most of which failed—though the failure was often as significant as success—is hardly to be expected. Much of the narrative is necessarily dry; but it is not dull. The author is evidently a keen observer, somewhat cynical, yet by no means a pessimist. His reflections are shrewd and pointed. His studies of character are often penetrating and sharply etched. He wants neither an eye for picturesque points nor a sense for the broadly dramatic aspects of history, and has given us several passages about Napoleon which are fresh and telling, even after all that has been written regarding that inexhaustibly interesting figure. He sees the political landscape of the first decade of this century both in Europe and America with a glance that ranges over the whole of it and can appreciate the relation of each of its parts to the other. He has a philosophy, or at least a general theory of American history, which, be it sound or unsound—for we cannot stop here to discuss it—is quite worth stating and reflecting on. His writing is free from that rhetorical taint which was so common in the American historians of the last generation. He is always clear, always intelligent, sometimes striking.

At the same time it is a provoking book, because the author seems to have written it rather for his own pleasure than for the benefit of his readers. He assumes an amount of knowledge regarding the events immediately preceding the beginning of his narrative which scarcely any Europeans and, we should have supposed, not many educated Americans possess; and, when a new figure steps upon the stage, expects us to know all about his previous career, making remarks whose significance is lost on those to whom that previous career is unknown. The historian of a particular period is no doubt entitled to reckon on some general knowledge among his readers of the period next preceding; but Mr. Adams could have made his book far easier and more profitable, especially to Europeans, if he had not broken so very abruptly into his story, and had now and then spared a few lines to refer to earlier events which might have slipped the recollection of even a well-instructed reader.

Nor is the book a complete survey of the field it professes to cover. It deals very minutely with the two subjects which have most attracted the writer—the diplomatic negotiations of Jefferson and Madison with Spain, France, and England, the play of political parties in Congress, and the curious episode of Burr's conspiracy. Much, however, that was happening in the United States at the same time is either passed over or touched very lightly. Some figures are painted with great care and skill, and Jefferson especially; others, not less interesting (such as Alexander Hamilton), are noticed with a brevity which seems to argue a certain prejudice or favouritism in the historian's mind.

After all deductions, however, this History remains not only a laborious, but a thoughtful and instructive, account of what was not only a critical period in the growth of the United States, but one of the most brilliant and stirring periods in the annals of Europe. The subject of its first four volumes—those devoted to the two Administrations of Jefferson, from 1801 to 1809, may be said to be the threefold struggle between the United States, France, and England, occasioned by the Revolutionary War, the protagonists being Jefferson, Napoleon, and Pitt, followed by Canning. In this struggle, on Mr. Adams' showing, America and Jefferson played by far the most undignified part. Napoleon was brutal, violent, false, unscrupulous. Pitt and Canning were overbearing even to insolence. Jefferson was shifty, timid, double-faced. The United States incurred the contempt of Europe, and, indeed, their own, for the way in which they bore the injuries of France and the arrogance of England. But though they reaped no glory, they reaped by far the largest share of profit. The one great result for them was the acquisition of the vast territory called Louisiana, the country west of the Mississippi from its mouth to its source, which Napoleon sold to Jefferson in 1802. Yet of this greatest exploit of his administration Mr. Adams allows to Jefferson little credit beyond that of having seen its paramount importance and clung steadily. Circumstances, and more particularly the failure of France to recover Hayti and Napoleon's resolve to resume war with England were the really effective causes, to which American diplomacy contributed scarcely at all.

Jefferson is the hero of the first four volumes of the book, and his character the centre of its personal interest. Mr. Adams discloses with an unsparing hand his bits of shuffling and trickery, the vanity that made him obstinate when he ought to have yielded, and the timidity that made him shirk the responsibility of measures he had advised. Yet he seems hardly to perceive the impression which all this makes on the reader's mind. His judgment of Jefferson is more lenient than most readers will form, after following his tortuous course during these eight years, especially if they remember in how many respects his action then falsified his early

attitude. Although free from the slightest taint of corruption, he was very far from being an upright man, but, on the contrary, he was slippery, shuffling, to the last degree. Yet neither was he the contemptible hypocrite which some of his most high-minded opponents took him for. Although the unctuous fervour with which he professed his doctrines of democratic equality might well excite suspicion, although he abandoned in practice most of the political dogmas which he had advocated before his elevation, and continued to the end of his life to prate about his own virtues, the view which holds him to have been genuinely attached from first to last to his peculiar principles seems, on the whole, the truer as well as the more charitable one. Convinced adhesion to a doctrine has often been found compatible with a great willingness to modify its applications, and voluble professions are not necessarily evidences of insincerity. Jefferson was evidently a man of considerable social charm as well as of a versatile and active mind and tenacious will. These qualities, however, do not fully explain the immense hold he acquired over his party, the deference which Congress paid him until his embargo policy had become disastrous, and the renewal of his popularity when the fresh memory of his unfortunate administration had begun to pass away. Mr. Adams recognises the strength of this hold, the more remarkable because Jefferson had no talent for speaking, and seldom did speak; but he does not account for it, and hardly seems to see that it needs to be accounted for. Something may doubtless be ascribed to the absence of other men of mark. After the death of Hamilton, the Federation had not only no first-rate man, but scarce any who stood high in the second rank; for that is all that can be claimed for Rufus King, George Cabot, Josiah Quincy, or Timothy Pickering. Jefferson's own party was equally weak. Nobody, except Madison, Gallatin, and John Randolph, rose above the flattest commonplace. Gallatin was a Swiss by birth, and never heartily accepted, in spite of his abilities and services. Randolph was violent and erratic. Madison, the twice-chosen President, wanted all popular gifts, and as Secretary of State showed nothing better than a sort of quiet astuteness, which, to some extent, covered his timidity. Jefferson had been a prominent figure ever since 1776, and shone brilliantly because other luminaries had died out of the sky.

The fifth and sixth volumes contain the narrative of Madison's administration from 1809 to 1813, including the breach with England—described, on the whole, with fairness as well as minute knowledge—and the first months of the war on the Canadian frontier and at sea. But our examination of these two volumes had better be postponed till the English edition is completed by the appearance of the two more volumes which are to complete the work, carrying it down to the end of Madison's second term. We shall return with pleasure to a book of so much intrinsic value, and now commend it heartily to all students of American history.

THE PAPACY AT THE RENAISSANCE.

Geschichte der Päpste im Zeitalter der Renaissance bis zur Wahl Pius' II. Von Dr. Ludwig Pastor, a.o. Professor der Geschichte an der Universität zu Innsbruck. Freiburg in Breisgau.

The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages. Drawn from the Secret Archives of the Vatican and other Original Sources. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the Oratory. London: J. Hodges.

There are those who look with suspicion upon any historical work from the pen of a Jesuit. No doubt weighty reasons may be adduced to warrant this distrust. Edification, rather than knowledge, has ever been the aim of the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Their method of instruction has been pious rather than scientific. No great amount of success can be said to have been attained by it, judging by the result. They had the education of Catholic Europe in their hands during the greater part of the last century. What were the generations which they reared? Their most illustrious pupil was—Voltaire. In the department of history they have generally exhibited themselves rather as apologists than as candid narrators. They may have told the truth, but it has not been the whole truth. They may not have misstated facts, but they have manipulated them. They represented, in short, with much ability of a kind, the old ecclesiastical way of writing history. Happily, that way has fallen into discredit. The scientific spirit has asserted itself in this domain also, and the Society of Jesus, which, though not of the world, is in the world, has had to reckon with it. In these volumes of Dr. Pastor's the influence of the *Zeitgeist* is very evident. He presents the facts, so far as he can discover them, with much candour; nor can there be any question as to the amount of laborious investigation which he has expended on their discovery. He marshals them fairly and discriminatingly, and he draws his conclusions from them in a judicial spirit. Of course his view of the facts is largely influenced by his first principles; but of that no reasonable man will complain. An absolutely impartial historian never has existed, and never will exist. All we can expect of a writer of history is that he should tell us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as far as he knows it; and that Dr. Pastor appears to have done. His book is, in Montaigne's phrase, "a book of good faith."

The subject with which Dr. Pastor deals is the history of the Popes from the end of the Middle Ages. He justly remarks, in his preface, that a new work on this subject cannot be considered superfluous. During the last ten years a vast number of learned monographs bearing upon it have been given to the world; and the "magnanimous" action of Leo XIII. in throwing open the Papal secret archives has enabled investigators to consult documents of the highest authority, hitherto inaccessible. Those archives Dr. Pastor has diligently searched, supplementing his labours in the Vatican Library by visits to the great collections of documents preserved in other libraries, both in Rome and throughout Italy. Moreover, he has had before him a vast amount of printed literature bearing upon his subject. The mere enumeration of the titles of the books which he has consulted fills twenty-four pages of his first volume. It is not much to the credit of English scholarship, we may observe in passing, that in this long array of authorities we find only one English work mentioned, Bishop Creighton's well-known and justly esteemed "History of the Popes during the Reformation," a work the completion of which, we venture to hope, may not be indefinitely postponed by the episcopal duties cast upon its accomplished author. In using the vast material which he has collected with true Teutonic thoroughness, Dr. Pastor displays no small amount of literary skill. His style is lucid and unaffected; his reflections are well considered and pertinent. As a specimen of his candour, we may refer to his judgment of Roderigo Borgia. "In vain," he writes, "have people in modern times repeatedly made the unhappy attempt to rehabilitate this man's moral character. In opposition to this unworthy perversion of historic truth, it is the duty of the historian emphatically to insist that against this man there is evidence the strength of which annihilates all attempts to vindicate him." These are the words of German honesty.

So much as to Dr. Pastor's work. Of the translation we must speak in terms of only modified praise. It almost always conveys the substance of the author's meaning; but it is too often loose, and not seldom inaccurate. Indeed, there seems to be hardly a page which does not present examples of these faults. We open the first volume at random, and find before us the beginning of the second book. We read as follows:—"These nine and

thirty years of division were the most terrible crisis the Roman Church had passed through during the long centuries of her existence." The German, of which this is presented as the English rendering, runs thus: "Die neununddreissig Jahre, welche die Spaltung gedauert, waren die grösste Krisis, welche die römische Kirche in ihrer fast zweitausendjährigen Geschichte zu überstehen gehabt hat." This really means: "The thirty-nine years, which the schism lasted, were the greatest crisis that the Roman Church has had to surmount in the well-nigh two thousand years of her history"; and we can't, for the life of us, make out why the translator did not say so. In the next line, Dr. Pastor, quoting the testimony of Gregorovius, describes him as "ein principieller Gegner des Päpsthums," which is rendered, "an uncompromising opponent of the Papacy." Now "principieller"—an ugly word enough, by the way—does not mean uncompromising, but on principle. Again, at the bottom of the page, Dr. Pastor says, "So schien dieser edler Römer alle Eigenschaften zu vereinigen, um die allgemeine Kirche wieder mit Kraft und Würde zu vertreten," which, being interpreted is: "Thus, this noble Roman appeared to unite all qualities proper for representing once more the Universal Church with energy and dignity." But the translator, for some occult reason, sees fit to write, "This noble Roman, in fact, seemed to combine all the qualities that could enable him worthily to fill his high position": which is true enough, but is not a translation. Let us try the second volume. We open it casually, and light upon page 240, and there we read as follows: "But when the Greeks returned from Florence they found it very hard to carry into effect what had been agreed upon in the Council"; and our suspicions are at once aroused, for the Greeks found that more than very hard — they found it impossible. On referring to the German we find that this is what Dr. Pastor says: "Allein was die in Florenz anwesenden Griechen zugestanden hatten, konnten sie in der Heimath nicht zur Geltung bringen": —but what the Greeks present in Florence had conceded, they could not carry into effect in their own country. A few lines further down the translator tells us "Gennadius and numerous other writers followed in the same line, and as they fostered the national enmity of the Greeks against the Latins, their works produced more effect than those of the friends of the Union, many of whom, however, were distinguished and worthy men." Dr. Pastor's words are:—"Ihnen folgten zalreiche andere griechische Schriftsteller, unter denen besonders Gennadius hervorzuheben ist. Da diese Polemiker den Nationalhass der Griechen gegen die Lateiner für sich hatten, so waren ihre Schriften von grösserer Wirkung, als diejenigen der Freunde der Union; doch fehlte es auch dieser nicht an würdigen Vertheidigern." This is plain enough; and the English equivalent of it is: "They were followed by numerous other Greek writers, among whom Gennadius is especially conspicuous. Since these controversialists had on their side the national hatred of the Greeks against the Latins, their writings produced greater effect than those of the friends of the Union, which, however, did not lack worthy defenders." Dr. Pastor does not say that Gennadius, and the other writers to whom he refers, fostered the national enmity of the Greeks against the Latins, although they very likely did; nor does he say that the defenders of the Union were distinguished and worthy men, which may also be true. He says one thing and his translator says another; and to this we object; the business of a translator is to translate. We wish the learned Oratorian who has edited these volumes had exercised his editorial function more rigidly. He tells us that he has endeavoured to follow the text as closely as is consistent with an idiomatic translation. But surely in the instances we have given—and they might be indefinitely multiplied—the text might have been far more closely followed with no sort of detriment to the English version.

THREE RECENT MILITARY BOOKS.

1. The Principles of Strategy. By J. Bigelow, jun., 1st Lieut. 10th Cavalry U.S. Army. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
2. Field Fortification. By H. Turner (late Royal Artillery). London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
3. Waterloo Letters. A selection from original and hitherto unpublished letters by officers who served in the Waterloo campaign. Edited by Major-General H. T. Siborne (late Col. R. E.). Cassell & Co.

More than twenty years ago Sir E. Hamley roundly condemned the diagrammatic method of treating strategic problems. "The student who is presented with a page of simple figures, squares, angles, or semicircles with a few radii, and told that these are explanations of the art of war, is apt to ask if military problems can really be dealt with in this compendious fashion." These diagrams in fact "affect too much to simplify what is in reality complicated." Since the publication of the "Operations of War" this method of misrepresentation has fallen into comparative disuse. It seems, however, to have occurred to the author of "The Principles of Strategy" that the diagram was condemned only on the grounds of its apparent simplicity, and that by calling in the aid of practical geometry this reproach might be removed. The result is unfortunate. Nothing, except illusion, is promoted by attempting to show that an army holds "direct command" of a given line when it is posted on an "equilateral hyperbola." The misuse of geometry could not well be carried further than this, and such an explanation of a strategic problem is not merely confusing but positively misleading. Strategic principles are few and simple. The whole difficulty of the art lies in their application under highly complex and conflicting conditions, and under circumstances which are rarely or never completely known.

In correctly appreciating the military importance of different objectives, in knowing exactly what your own army can accomplish, and in justly estimating what your enemy will undertake and what his force is in a position to carry out, lies the real test of generalship. The head of the strategist may be stuffed with diagrams, wise saws, and historical instances; but if he fails in this indefinable quality of military judgment, he will surely deserve to be hopelessly beaten. It is a habit of mind which has to be created, and books which affect to teach strategy by the methods of Euclid merely foster a pedantry already sufficiently prevalent. This book, in other respects, leaves much to be desired. The subdivision of the subject is crude and confusing. In a single chapter, under the somewhat vague heading "Operating from a base," Washington's movement against Cornwallis in 1777 and the cruise of the *Alabama* are promiscuously huddled together. Nothing is gained by thus mixing up irregular naval raiding with military operations. Excellent models of strategic maps exist, leaving no adequate excuse for sketchy productions which do not fulfil their office. Finally, although the great Civil War is full of valuable teaching for students of all nations, its varied operations do not, except in some special cases, lend themselves well to the illustration of strategy in its higher aspects.

Written examinations constitute at least an indifferent method of gauging individual capacity, although where a selection has to be quickly made more satisfactory tests are perhaps impossible. No private corporation or great railway company would dream of selecting its officers for promotion by analysing the answers they were able to frame to a set of academical questions. The officer of the British army, however, has twice during his chequered career to undergo this ordeal, and at the same age as that at which Napoleon, Ney, Soult, and Lannes annihilated the Prussian army in 1806, he may find himself puzzling over such conundrums as suggest themselves to the ingenuity of an anonymous examiner. He must prepare himself for the trial — even a Wellington would have to do that—for the answers that he gives must be

in strict accordance with the authorised text-books, although they may be years out of date. To enable him to abridge his studies, numerous works have been provided which frequently adopt a catechism form. Of such works is "Field Fortification," which not only gives a large number of the questions beloved of examiners, together with their answers, but reprints recent examination-papers with appropriate solutions. It is possible that a stern examiner might not be entirely satisfied with some of the answers provided by the author. The question: "What is meant by a quick-firing gun?" is not altogether met by the statement: "A quick-firing gun is merely a light field-gun firing fixed ammunition, the recoil being absorbed by the method of mounting." Some quick-firing guns already in the service weigh more than three tons, whereas our field-gun weighs only seven hundredweight. No quick-firing gun has yet been adopted as a field-gun, and in the experimental guns proposed for the purpose, the recoil is not all "absorbed" by the mounting. This, however, is a detail, and the officer who masters the contents of the work may count on passing with distinction in the subject of Field Fortification, and can then look forward, if he is sanguine, to becoming a general, or even a field-marshal, if he comes of a long-lived family.

Nearly fifty years ago the late Captain Siborne undertook the preparation of a model of the field of Waterloo, and subsequently published an excellent account of the great battle. In collecting materials for his work he applied to most of the prominent officers present, a selection of whose letters is now published by his son, Major-General Siborne. All the writers have passed away, and their collated experiences were long ago incorporated in Captain Siborne's work, or rendered upon his model; but the letters are full of interest. Many little personal incidents such as history cannot record confer vivid realism upon these fragmentary narratives, in whose varied styles may be traced the characteristics of the men who helped to win Waterloo. It is unfortunate that most of the letters were written more than twenty years after the event, by which time memory had become somewhat clouded. Still more is it to be regretted that matters which the Duke of Wellington alone could have cleared up must now remain for ever in doubt. "It would be impossible to ask him, or that he should answer any such question," said Lord Fitzroy Somerset with reference to some disputed point. Beyond the despatches and the fragments of conversation recorded by Lord Stanhope, the Duke contributed little to the history of his greatest battle. Although the letters now published by General Siborne do not touch Waterloo criticism in its later and decidedly unprofitable aspects, they will be none the less welcome to the many to whom the precise state of Napoleon's health in June, 1815, is not a matter of cardinal importance.

A GERMAN ZOOLOGICAL TEXT-BOOK.

A Text-book of Comparative Anatomy. (Part I.) By Arnold Lang, Professor of Zoology in the University of Zürich. Translated by H. M. and Matilda Bernard. With a Preface by Professor Ernst Haeckel. London: Macmillan & Co.

The above named volume is one of 545 pages, bearing 383 woodcuts many of which are original and all of which are most excellent. It is subdivided into six chapters, and deals with the Protozoa, Cœlenterata (including the Gastræadæ and Sponges), Vermes (including the Platyhelminthes), and Arthropoda. The German work appeared in 1888, and the author's notes for emendation and expansion of that have been incorporated by the translators, whereby the volume before us ranks as practically a second edition of the original. The author's task was undertaken in response to a request that he should prepare a new edition of Dr. Oscar Schmidt's "Text-book of Comparative Anatomy"—a work too little recognised in this country, and he has adhered to the excellent plan adopted in that book of prefacing each section with a concise review of the systematology of the race with which it deals.

The Darwinian and other leading influences which have been at work upon Natural Science within the last 30 to 40 years are well known to have drawn into the field of inquiry a host of devotees, whose labours have amassed a literature of colossal proportions. The task of preparing a text-book which should incorporate all that is important in this is of such magnitude that the competent and conscientious worker stands aghast, barely knowing where to begin, and hesitating lest, in selecting, he should unconsciously fail in his duty towards his readers. We Englishmen, born of an innate utilitarianism and capacity for organisation, have of late, and with one notable exception, laid aside the task, contenting ourselves with the production of more or less empirical treatises, meeting the demands of the examining boards and narrow syllabuses by which our educational systems are hemmed in. Our German *confrères*, nothing if not authoritative, free to devote their best energies to the accumulation of abstract knowledge, have gone to the other extreme, producing *vade-mecā* suggestive (in the words of Marion Crawford) of their knowing "not only all that is known by other people, but also all that they themselves imagine, which nobody else can possibly know."

Without pausing to discuss either the merits and demerits of these two methods of procedure, or the conditions under which they have arisen, it may be pointed out that cognisance of the English and German educational systems, so different in their aims, justifies the belief that an ideal text-book, like an ideal scientific university, would be one based on a combination of the methods of the two countries. Professor Lang's book more nearly realises this than any which have gone before it, and with what amount of success we leave its readers to judge. The author's great wisdom in selection of material and the consummate skill which he has handled his subject, can only be sufficiently appreciated by the specialist. Authorities are cited irrespectively of either nationality or school bias, and the work is throughout imbued with that cosmopolitanism necessarily characteristic of all true science. Author, translators, artists, and publishers, have all done their utmost to ensure success; the result being the production of a work to-day unequalled by its contemporaries in all European tongues.

We could wish to see some of those organisms of doubtful affinity (not to say of doubtful existence in certain cases) dealt with in a more guarded vein; Protospongia, Megasphæra, the forced association of the sponges with the Cœlenterata, and the Physemaria, are cases in point. Indeed, the author appears to be unaware of Saville Kent's discovery of the rhizopod nature of the latter, as represented at any rate by Haliphysema. The incorporation in text-books of unguarded descriptions of organisms whose existence as originally described is insufficiently proved is an old error, into which writers of all nationalities have fallen; and we are firmly of opinion that where a doubt arises in the trained mind (as it must do with certain of those "creations" above alluded to) it would be well to give the student the benefit of it. The author comments, among other things, upon the attempt in recent years to associate the King Crabs with the Arachnoidea—a subject which has much exercised English zoologists—and his remarks are exceedingly cautious and well-chosen. The translators have introduced in a foot note a reference to Jaworowski's recent discovery of the transitory development of antennæ among the spiders, in full appreciation of its very important bearing on the affinities of these animals; they might advantageously have added reference to the discovery of proctodeal nephridia in the Chætopod worms and of the allied mode of origin of the Malpighian tubes of the Orthoptera, which have a no less significant bearing on immediately related questions, especially as these observations are of slightly earlier date than that incorporated. The

author tells us on page 212 that "we cannot yet decide what should be considered as the body cavity" in the Leeches. This problem, which has been unapproached for some six or seven years, has received its solution while the final sheets of Professor Lang's translation were going through the press, and mention of the fact will suffice to show how difficult is the task of producing a text-book of science which shall be fully up to date. Here and there important classes of animals are very inadequately dealt with, for example, the Rotatoria (p. 185). Under the division Vermes, the author having excluded the Platodes, includes all other worms, the Leeches, Sipunculids, Brachiopods, and Bryozoa, (retaining the term Polyzoa for the segmented Cestoda). In doing this he remarks (p. 177) that these "Vermes" form a "by no means natural and well-demarcated" division, but rather one like a lumber room, to which all those groups are relegated which cannot be placed elsewhere. We venture to suggest that there is here something radically wrong both in arrangement and deduction, hardly doubting that a rectification will be effected in subsequent editions of the work. Defects of this kind must be expected in so pretentious a volume; in consideration, however, of the immensity of the zoological field, of the difficulties of the author's task, and of the general excellence of his labours, our verdict upon the book as a whole is one of unstinted praise. Labour of the kind which has produced it, in a field so unremunerative, is a labour of love. The author of such a treatise seeks his reward in the possible awakening of latent ability, whereby fresh workers, born for the toils and pleasures of investigation, shall be secured; and in the case before us he will most certainly reap it.

FICTION.

1. The Three Fates. By F. Marion Crawford. Three vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.
2. Horsley Grange: A Sporting Story. By Guy Gravenhil. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

A writer in the *Spectator* recently devoted an article to the remarks upon human vanity which are to be found in the first volume of Mr. Crawford's new novel. Such remarks are beginning to abound in Mr. Crawford's work; something in his story reminds him that he has opinions on the manufacture of the novel, and he runs away from the story to give us his opinions; or he remembers that he has something to say about the *dilettante* of literary criticism, or the requisites of the perfect life, and again the story has to give way to the disquisition. Some of these disquisitions are thoughtful and readable; but they tend to make the story straggling and incoherent. They give it, too, the appearance of padded work, plumped out to the requisite three volumes. And at times the moralising is very cheap. "It is certain that neither birth, wealth, nor talent, will of itself make man or woman popular;" that is true to the verge of being a truism. Mr. Crawford shares a fault with one of his characters; he rather likes the use of the scriptural phrase; in some places his humour depends on the incongruity which he obtains in this way. It is a fault, because it is a trick—a thing of which anyone can see the secret, which anyone can learn.

The hero of "The Three Fates" has character and individuality. Although he does some things which are foolish and some which are weak, showing in one case astonishingly dull perceptions, he does not lose the reader's sympathy. He is human and distinct; the delineation of his character and its development is by far the best thing in the book. His three fates are three women. The first of these, Constance, has the indecision of extreme conscientiousness and uncritical introspection. She takes the hero, as it were, on approbation, and she returns him after years of deliberation. No engagement takes place between them; but he has had every encouragement to believe that an engagement would take place, and his disappointment at rejection is intense. In his period of dejection his cousin, Mrs. Sherrington Trimm, shows him great kindness, and he goes on a long visit to her. The kindness is not wholly disinterested; she has learned, by means conventional and unscrupulous, that the hero will inherit her brother's vast fortune, and she has a daughter, Maimie, of marriageable age, for whom she would be very glad to secure that vast fortune. The hero knows nothing of the money which is to come to him, believes that he will never have more than moderate means, and entirely trusts his cousin's kindness. Maimie herself is entirely ignorant of her mother's plot, although she naturally lends herself to its consummation, for she is very much in love with the hero. She betrays her feelings in many ways, and some of them are very obvious. The hero at last engages himself to her; he is, we feel, not the subject of a passion for Maimie but the victim rather of her mother's strategy and his own tendency to ordinary civility. The story does not by any means end here, although we will carry the sketch of the plot no farther. There is a third woman, a third fate. The interest of the story is chiefly the interest of love. The author puts words into his hero's mouth which may possibly embody his own views. "A love story. What else should I write about? There is only one thing that has a permanent interest for the public, and that is love."

But there is another interest in this book. The hero's career is literary. He passes from journalism to very successful authorship; Mr. Crawford is writing about a subject which he thoroughly understands, and the interest is strong. In spite of the hero's success Mr. Crawford's views are pessimistic, justifiably pessimistic, although there is not the settled gloom in these pages that we found in Mr. Gissing's "New Grub Street." Any critic of this book must write with the uncomfortable feeling that the author knows precisely how criticism is done, and what it is worth.

Novels of sport are as a rule very much like each other. Occasionally one finds something exceptional. There was, for instance, a touch of poetry in the works of Whyte Melville; but the incidents of the sporting novel are mostly taken from a very limited stock, have been used often before, and are not used well. This is a little surprising because many good sportsmen are very observant of nature, and could tell us, if they would, much that is very new and very interesting. "Horsley Grange" is quite upon the old lines. There is a lottery ticket which succeeds; it is part of the irony of fiction that its lottery tickets always succeed, just as surely as its most respectable banks always fail. There are in this book all the scenes that we should have expected —the scene in the yard of the horse-dealer, the scene on the racing-course, and the scene in the hunting-field. Unfortunately, this kind of boo[k] requires that its reader should not only b[e] very much interested in horse but also that he shall be very little interested in man. If he has very much interest in humanity, he will hardly be able to stand the dummies by which this story is peopled. And after all there are incidents which have been repeated too often, and can only weary us now. We are tired of the dark horse and of the attempt, unsuccessful, which is made to injure his chances. We are tired of the undeserved suspicion, and we should be equally tired of the triumphant vindication, were it not that this makes us fairly certain that we are now at the end of the book. "Horsley Grange" is quite an average novel of its kind—no better and no worse; quite unmarked by individuality, but not altogether destitute of spirit.

Stories of sport and stories of school life are, as a rule, very badly done. Why does not some author of established literary reputation attempt their regeneration?

THE QUARTERLIES.

With the exception of such repositories of special criticism and information as the *English Historical Review* and the *Economic Journal*, which are most carefully edited and carefully written, the quarterlies, it becomes clear after a prolonged study, are inferior in literary quality to at least half a dozen of the monthlies. Nor is the inferiority merely a matter of style or of backwardness in opinion. A literary upper chamber applying a break on what the quarterly reviewer regards as the present rapid descent of letters Hades-ward might be defensible; but the break must be of other stuff than leather and prunella cobbled together in a hurry. Such a vamped-up article is that on John Lewis Mallet in the *Edinburgh*. The writer is reviewing a privately printed "Autobiographical Retrospect" of the first twenty-five years of Mallet's life. Mallet was a son of Mallet du Pan of French Revolution fame. He had interesting adventures in Geneva as a boy, and a brief residence at Venice as private secretary to the British Minister there. His account of Venice in the last days of her independence is said to be very entertaining. Why, then, is the article not entertaining? The reader never knows certainly when the reviewer is talking of Mallet du Pan, when of his son: the article consists mainly of extracts and undigested *résumé;* and the writer, he with other quarterly reviewers, is frequently, like Sigismund, King of the Romans, *supra grammaticam*. When a daily reviewer receives a book in the evening, and his notice appears next morning, copious extracts, linked together with the minimum of comment, is all one can expect; but when a man has presumably three months in which to meditate his review, we object to be fubbed off with raw gobbets torn from the carcase. The Tartar cookery of the daily journalist we accept; but we want our quarterly fare well-selected, well-baked, and served up neatly, somewhat in the manner of the article on "Snakes" in the *Quarterly*. We can imagine what a jug of inextricably intertwined reptiles some quarterly reviewers would have made of it. In arrangement, in the selection and condensation of the matter, and in style, it is quite admirable. There are, of course, too many extracts. Lavish extract is indeed one of the main faults of the quarterlies. Had the twenty pages of quotation in the *Quarterly Review* been condensed, there would have been ample room for another article; and for two articles in the *Edinburgh*, had the quotation there, amounting to over thirty-five pages, been kept within bounds.

Lack of humour has often been noted as a "most plentiful" characteristic of the quarterlies. One example which seems to us of a very exquisite pattern occurs even in the careful article on "Snakes." The writer, speaking of the boa-constrictor, says: "It is very handsomely marked, and we have seen its skin, made into an elegant waistcoat, worn by one of the trustees of the British Museum." We can account for the unmoved gravity of the writer only on the supposition that he regards this as a new fact in Natural History.

The quarterlies have long been noted for their wisdom after the event. There, indeed, they ought to have the pull over dailies, weeklies, and monthlies; and yet how seldom they win in the "tug-of-war"! Their prophecy of "things past" is either a wrong interpretation, or it does not go back far enough. When the writer on "The French Decadence" (*Quarterly*) declares that to read Guy de Maupassant is, "in every sense, a mistake, which would never be tolerated by sound judges of literature," and when we are told, in the same magazine, as the last word on Mr. Hardy's later work, that it "is crammed with inartistic blunders and improprieties," we have two admirable examples of misinterpretation. When an *Edinburgh Reviewer* points out that the French Revolution was the cause of "appalling sufferings, of generations thinned and maimed by the sword, of lasting injury done to the estate of man—of the arrest, nay, of the putting back, of human progress," and asks, "has not that cataclysm done more evil than good?" he stops much too short in his past prophecy, failing to see back to the giant hypocrisies and intolerable wrongs which the French Revolution overturned, and to overturn which was worth the sacrifice of many generations.

The quarterly brooms are always busy against the tide. The wielder of a desperate mop in the *Edinburgh* has stuck a brilliant thread from Burke among his bunch of rags: "A politieal party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle on which they are all agreed." Upon what particular principle, asks the reviewer, are the Liberals agreed? He can find none except a desire to overthrow the Government, and it does not seem to occur to him that that might promote the national interest. When the next Parliament is elected, and the Liberals are in power, we shall ask the Opposition if one of the most particular principles upon which the national interest depends is not the overthrow of the Government.

We sometimes think that these two ancient quarterlies are the most astonishing example of the survival of the unfittest in literature. Established at a time when monthlies and weeklies were practically unknown, they have made but little change in their methods, and are consequently doing over again what has been thrice done already. Occasionally of late, as in the present numbers, where opinion on certain matters as expressed in the monthlies is reviewed, an attempt is made to constitute the quarterlies into a sort of court of appeal; but there is evidently much difficulty in getting on to new lines. Is there any reason why a quarterly editor should not appoint the bitterest pen in London to review literary opinion as expounded in the *Saturday*, *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, etc.; the most ruined politician to review the political opinion of the "greatest circulations"? And why might he not have a joint article on ecclesiastical matters in which a renegade from every denomination should have a free hand to bless his old friends? Anything to keep out of ruts.

ROYALIST LETTERS: 1645-47.

Calendar of State Papers. Domestic Series of the Reign of Charles I. 1645–1647. Edited by W. D. Hamilton, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London.

Mr. Hamilton, in the present volume of his Calendar, carries his readers from the King's retreat after Naseby almost to his surrender by the Scots at Newcastle. The more important of the documents noticed by him fall under two heads. We have Royalist letters intercepted by the Parliament, and also the papers of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, which was the executive authority on the Parliamentary side. The documents of the first class necessarily throw a fitful light upon the fortunes of the losing side, as the greater part of the correspondence to which they belonged reached their destination, and, where they are not entirely lost, have found their way into other receptacles than the national repository in Fetter Lane. Of those to be found here some of the most interesting are those taken after Lord Digby's defeat at Sherburn, which were only second in importance to the papers captured at Naseby as revealing the King's secrets. The documents of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, on the other hand, are defective, through the carelessness of those who were entrusted with their preservation. The books, as the editor tells us, "containing letters received by the Committee are wholly wanting, and those of letters sent extend only till March, 1647." The loss of the first-named books is by far the most grievous, those which were given us in the preceding volume of the Calendar containing accounts of military movements and political transactions of the most interesting kind.

Many of the intercepted letters were, as might have been expected, in cipher, and some of them appear to have baffled the skill of the Parliamentary decipherers. If so, Dr. Wallis, who boasted that he had never failed to read Royalist ciphers, was not yet at work, though we have specimens of his skill dating from 1648. Mr. Hamilton has, however, been fortunate in securing the help of Colonel J. S. Rothwell, who appears to be able to read any purely numerical cipher in which figures correspond with letters of the alphabet, though two or even three figures are usually employed to signify the same letter. In this way several very interesting despatches have been recovered for the use of historical students.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MASHONALAND, in its political and mining aspects, has within the last two or three years been brought prominently before the nation, in consequence of the action of the British South African Chartered Company, but hitherto next to nothing has been heard of missionary enterprise amongst the native tribes. Yet before the scheme of the Chartered Company was heard of by the outside world, the present Bishop of Mashonaland, Dr. Knight-Bruce—under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—was already laying, in the region south of the Zambesi and north of the Transvaal, the foundations of future aggressive work. Three years ago the northern border of the Transvaal was the limit of the white man's sway and practically of his settlements as well, and even two years ago Mashonaland was kept by the paramount chief of the Matabele as a Scotch laird or an English capitalist keeps a deer-forest in the Highlands. In 1888 Dr. Knight-Bruce obtained permission from the Matabele chief to enter Mashonaland, and he then made a pioneer journey of two thousand five hundred miles through a country which hitherto, to all intents and purposes, had been unknown. He found that the raids of the Matabele warriors had established a perfect reign of terror; indeed, after the Bishop crossed the border, he met in a week's journey neither man, woman, nor child. The mountainous upland country, however, was thickly populated, but even there it was pitiful to witness the fear which brooded over every village community. "Their little huts were crowded in among the rocks on the tops of the hills, perched there more like birds'-nests than houses, with difficult paths, blocked with rocks and walls. All comfort and cleanliness were sacrificed in hope of safety from the Matabele." Dr. Knight-Bruce gives an exceedingly interesting account of his intercourse with the people, and he is inclined to think that the presence of the Chartered Company has proved already of great advantage to the Mashona, since, wherever it has come, it has put an end to Matabele raids. Apart from the Matabele question, he believes that the natives prefer white men living in their midst, so long as they behave with common fairness and do not seize land already occupied. The movement of the white man northward in Africa is inevitable, and the Bishop of Mashonaland thinks it will be time enough for the friends of the natives to speak when the Chartered Company show signs of demoralisation, or attempts in any way to relax its righteous rules. Meanwhile, these pages bring out in a very clear and sensible way the need of immediate help if the Church Missionary Society is to take advantage of the great opportunity which it has made for itself during the last three or four years in Mashonaland.

Beyond most men the late Dr. Rowland Williams was distinguished by intellectual courage and an earnest love of truth. Opinions will always probably differ as to the value of his work as a theologian and controversialist, but there can at least be no question concerning his moral worth, practical self-denial, and deeply religious spirit. Controversy was the accident of his life, and he never pursued it for its own sake, though he was too brave a man to shun it when the circumstances of the hour demanded it. He possessed to a marked degree the religious temperament, and this led him to turn his thoughts to the consideration of prayer in its relation both to philosophy and ethics. This circumstance lends special interest to his "Psalms and Litanies," of which a new and cheap edition has just appeared. Many of the petitions in this volume are singularly beautiful, and reach an uncommon level of thought and expression.

There is truth in the assertion that during the last thirty or forty years scientific knowledge has advanced with such rapidity that it has become impossible for any one man to keep pace with its progress in all its departments. "The Year-Book of Science" is avowedly intended to be a record of the progress annually made in physics, chemistry, geology, biology, and other allied branches of knowledge. Professor Bonney, the editor of the manual, has been fortunate enough to enlist the practical co-operation of a number of well-known men of science, and, with their assistance, he has compiled a concise and valuable epitome of the results recently achieved by specialists who are actively engaged in various parts of the wide field of physical research. The volume gives the pith of the experimental papers contributed within the year to the scientific journals, and the transactions of the learned societies. We are quite sure that such a book meets a want, and we have little doubt that it will quickly take its place with standard works of reference.

Nothing of importance is missed in the new instalment of "Annals of Our Time," a record of events, social and political, at home and abroad. This indispensable work of reference presents the pith and marrow of the daily papers of the last twelve months in the compass of a pamphlet of a hundred pages; and both in the selection of facts and in the vigour and yet brevity with which they are recorded this "day by day" record leaves little to be desired.

A capital little book on "Camping Out" has just made its appearance well in advance of the summer, and the subject is one which appeals to the gipsy instincts of all who like to live at random in free and vagabond fashion during the hot weather of the holiday weeks of the year. Dwellers in large cities ought assuredly to pass the short vacation, which is all that is at the disposal of most of them, as much out of doors as possible; and the aim of Mr. Macdonell's handy volume is to point out how to combine a camping expedition with plenty of boating. It is always best, declares Mr. Macdonell, for boating men who wish to enjoy their favourite form of exercise with a life under canvas, to make their first experiment in camping out on the banks of an English stream. Nothing could well be better for such an adventure than that stretch of fifty-six miles of the Avon between Warwick and Tewkesbury, though navigators of that picturesque stream must be prepared for a certain amount of physical exertion over and above the plying of their oars. There are weirs and locks to pass, and places where the river is so shallow that a boat will hardly float at all unless her crew are content to wade. The Severn is navigable for a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, and no river in England is more beautiful than the Wye between Symonds Yat and Chepstow. The Irish rivers, notably the Shannon and the Barrow, and the Scotch lakes are admirably adapted for excursions of this kind, and it is needless here to speak of the Thames, either above or below Oxford. Boating men who have exhausted the capabilities of the home rivers and are thirsting, in consequence, for what Mr. Macdonell terms "fresh streams and waters new," will find in rivers like the Rhine, the Moselle, the Danube, the Seine, the Loire, and the Elbe much that ought to satisfy their cravings. No aspect of this subject appears to have been overlooked by Mr. Macdonell, and he gives explicit directions about the boat and its equipment, various kinds of tents, the commissariat department, charts, maps, distances, and a thousand and one other matters of practical importance. Every young fellow who makes up his mind to go on a camping expedition should, of course, be prepared to rough it, and he ought to take with him a few books, a stock of good temper and courtesy, and last, but not least, in Mr. Macdonell's words, "Something of the spirit which made Mark Tapley such a cheerful man."

Although the late W. H. G. Kingston wrote, we believe, considerably more than a hundred stories of adventure by land and sea for the wide and ever-enthusiastic circle of his boy admirers, a good many of his tales have already slipped into comparative oblivion. Amongst the best of its kind is "The Three Admirals," a book which is likely to hold its own for many a day in the front rank of books for boys. Mr. Kingston was all his life inspired by a genuine love of the sea, and, if he could have had his own way in youth, he would have entered the navy. He was obliged to follow his father's business instead, but in the course of his subsequent career he made many voyages, and he turned the knowledge of the sea and sailors which he thus acquired to excellent account. Few men were more completely at their ease amid a group of boys than the author of "Peter the Whaler," "Dick Cheveley," and "Ben Burton," and a score of other stories which most lads know by heart. It would be difficult for any boy to find better change for sixpence than "The Three Admirals," a lively, picturesque, and entertaining naval romance of the old-fashioned sort.

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* JOURNALS OF THE MASHONALAND MISSION, 1888-92. By G. W. H. Knight-Bruce, D.D., Bishop of Mashonaland. Maps. London: The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Demy 8vo.

PSALMS AND LITANIES, COUNSELS AND COLLECTS FOR DEVOUT PERSONS. By Rowland Williams, D.D. Edited by his Widow. New edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE YEAR-BOOK OF SCIENCE. Edited for 1891 by Professor T. G. Bonney, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

ANNALS OF OUR TIME. Vol. III. Part II. 1891. By Hamilton Fyfe. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Demy 8vo. (1s.)

CAMPING OUT. By Arthur A. Macdonell, M.A., Author of "Camping Voyages on German Rivers." Illustrated. (The "All England" Series.) London and New York: George Bell & Sons. 12mo. (2s.)

THE THREE ADMIRALS, AND THE ADVENTURES OF THEIR YOUNG FOLLOWERS. By the late W. H. G. Kingston, Author of "The Three Midshipmen," etc. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. Demy 8vo (6d.)

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